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OUR SPECIAL PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

New-Year's Day—The poor Fruiterer's Children—The Count de R—— and his Bass Viol—Visit to the American Embassy—Mrs. Mason and her Daughters—The Emperor's remark to Baron Hubner—A New York Belle at Court—Beauty of the Empress—Fate of Madame Castiglione—How she preserved her Beauty—Prospect of Winter Gayeties, etc., etc.

Paris, *January* 5, 1859.

New-Year's Day was all that could be wished in the way of weather. The pavement was dry, and the sun positively shone for two or three hours. This was cheering; for as it is the fête alike of rich and poor—of those with carriages and those without—it is a pleasure when these last can move about without difficulty, and without having their best clothes spoiled. Every one, the meanest and poorest, has visits to pay and *étrennes* to give and to receive.

There is a little fruiterer's shop which I can see from my window. It is on the ground-floor, and above it is a small, low room, where the proprietor, a cobbler, works, while his wife minds the shop below. They have two fine little children; and I was distressed all the morning thinking they were to have no toys. The mother was busy selling oranges to the holiday-folks, and the child, who was all the time tugging at her skirts, eyed wistfully the dolls and drums of others, but seemed to have no other part in them. The other child was with the father above, who was cobbling away as if forgetful of the fête. Late in the afternoon, however, just as I had made up my mind to send my own servant to the rescue of the fête of these children, I saw the pale father, in best attire, go out—I suppose to some of the stalls on the Boulevards—and soon return with *doll* and *drum*, and two or three parcels, and a satisfied smile upon his face; and then I felt relieved, and I knew that their holiday supper and their little gifts would have more joy and more meaning, as the result of their own exertions and the expression of their simple love, than any thing I could bestow; and that this was indeed that "joy with which a stranger intermeddleth not."

And so every body went out—even my terrible enemy, the young Count de R——, who lodges over my head, and whose days are spent in eliciting sounds and noise from various musical instruments, to the great disturbance of my nerves and patience. His favorite instrument seems to be the bass viol; and I think he must take it to bed with him, since I hear the sound at such strange and unexpected hours. The truth is, the life of this young man is that of thousands of Frenchmen. All day in the house, reading novels and practicing music; going out at six o'clock to dine at a *café* or elsewhere; and then to the theatre, or to play billiards, or what not; and coming in at four o'clock in the morning, to begin the same thing over again the next day. It makes my Saxon blood hot within my veins to think of such an existence. Perhaps you will think the Count might ask me "why I bring my Saxon blood to his country to be thus disturbed by its usages?—that he chooses to play the fiddle all day because it amuses him—that he does not go out for air or exercise because it is cold, and the mud would spoil his varnished boots—that one person likes one thing, and one another—and that my country is large enough to have a place for me if this does not suit me!" all of which is very true; but I am nevertheless rejoiced that this new year season and its visits has laid to rest for a time the eternal sighing and screeching of that violin.

I paid many visits; one to the American Embassy, which seemed the very Temple of Hospitality (the French give nothing), with its delicious egg-nog and plum-cake in profusion, and the warm, undeniable welcome of the host and hostess and their charming daughters. Mrs. Mason was dressed in a black moire antique—which, I must tell my fair readers, has rushed back this winter into greater vogue than ever. There was a momentary attempt to put it aside for *watered silks;* but it has asserted its own supremacy and that of Madame Roger, the most *distingué* gowns she furnishes being in that material.

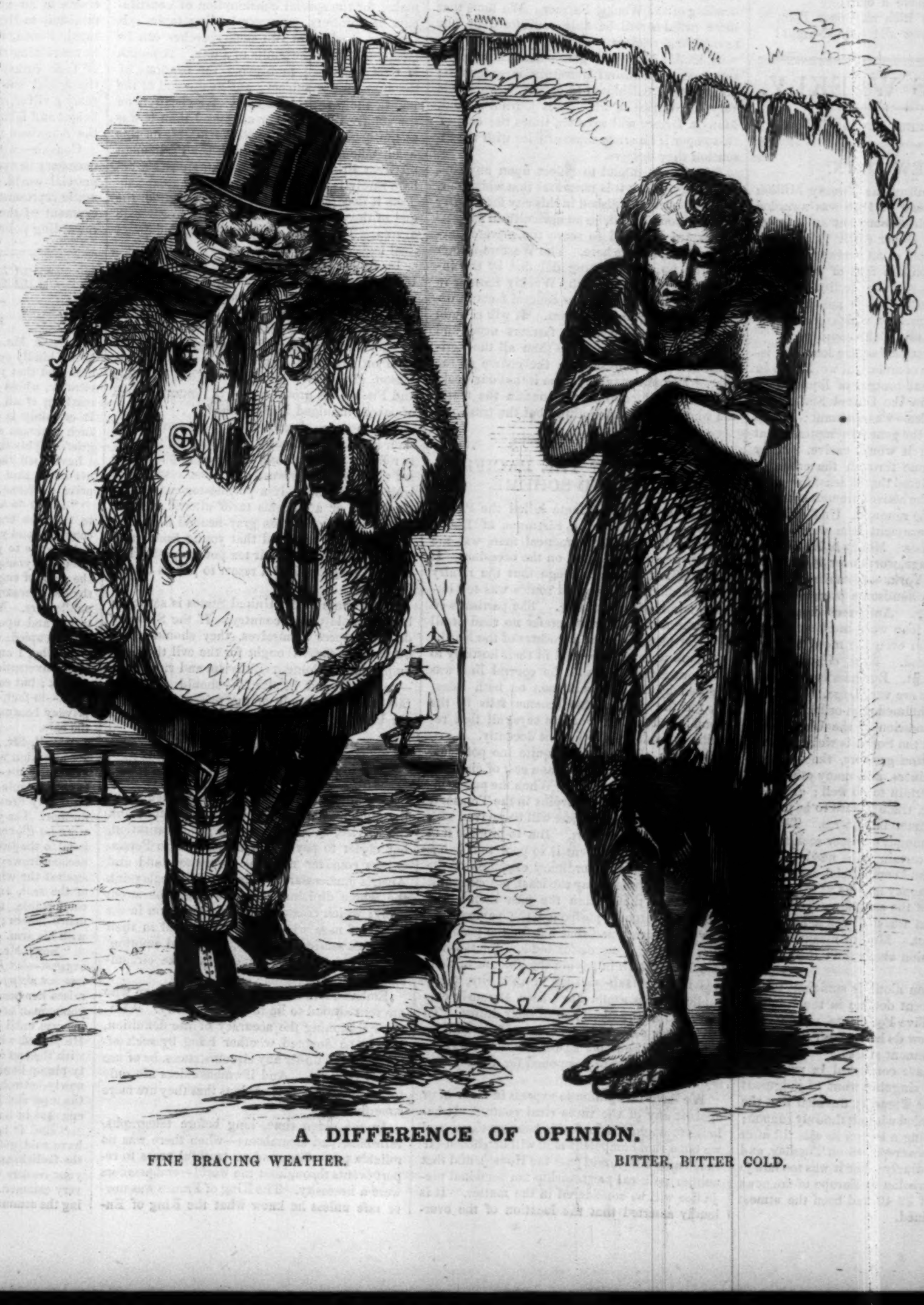
The incident of the day was the remark made by the Emperor to the Austrian Embassador, and which has put all diplomacy in emotion, and excited alike the hopes and fears of those who wish and those who dread a European war. I do not quote the words, as they are in all the newspapers; but any one not accustomed to the importance attached to what falls from Imperial lips would have been astonished at the effect produced by these; and the writing of dispatches, the sending off of couriers, and the confusion at the Bourse which ensued.

At the reception at Court for the presentation of ladies I hear there were several of our countrywomen, remarkable for their beauty and for the grace with which they wore their trains, though whilom unaccustomed to such peacock's plumage. It is invidious on such occasions to particularize; but a young lady of New York has been named to me, by several of the English and French who were there, as distinguished by the admirable proportions of her form and for the ease and elegance of her movements. The Empress is in great beauty this year, having lost the look of suffering which the pains and perils of maternity long stamped upon her features. I like to hear she is looking well, for she has been for many years the especial object of my admiration. I knew her well as Mademoiselle de Montijo, when she spent almost every spring either in London or Paris; and I always looked upon her as a woman set aside from others of her sex for "a bright particular" destiny. There is something so complete in her beauty, in its way—such a rare harmony of face, form, and movement, combined with sweetness of temper and warmth of feeling, which make up one beautiful whole, quite unlike any thing but itself. I believe she passionately loved the Emperor, who, even in his days of poverty and adventure, is said to have possessed a wondrous power in attaching the affections of women. It is his own fault if he is not always as well beloved; but it is the most beautiful and the most gifted who are the least likely to forgive any transfer of homage, however momentary; and perhaps the episode of the Countess de Castiglione is not yet forgotten.

I have not forgotten her; and, though no longer among the themes of the day, shall I turn aside from them for a moment to describe to you this lovely Italian lady, who two years ago made such a sensation in Paris? She was the most poetical-looking of her sex, reminding one of all Byron's heroines at once; and yet those who knew her have told me that it was not possible to be more prosaic and dull in character and feeling. She was in early youth; her figure tall and full, but exquisitely modeled; her skin had the polish of a shell and its delicate tints; her eyes were large and lustrous; and her hair, of the same hue, was wonderfully soft and abundant, and arranged with admirable regard to effect, as indeed was the whole dress, which, though peculiar, was always becoming. It is said that her beauty and its adornment and preservation were her only thought; and that, if the weather changed in the night, her maid had orders to bring a cambric handkerchief to protect her face from the cold; and that she always dressed for the evening in a very cool room, to avert the danger of an unbecoming flush. Her star, brilliant as it was, did not remain long above our Paris horizon; and the lady has returned to her own land, and let us hope her charms and her frailty are alike forgotten.

And now the Court and official season has fairly begun, and through long weeks there will be balls and fêtes, "never ending, still beginning." Those of more private circles have not yet begun, and it is said do not promise to be so numerous or brilliant as usual. Many houses to which one is accustomed to look for fêtes are, from various causes, shut up—some from absences, others from deaths and mourning. The hotel of the English Embassy is undergoing repairs, which will prevent any thing there until late in the spring; and "We shall have no dancing!" is the desponding cry of mothers and daughters.

But these things are always said at the beginning of every season; and yet I never knew Paris, not even in its republican days, when there were not balls and fêtes enough to satisfy the most avid and pleasure-seeking, and to weary heartily those for whom such vanities have lost their charm in losing their freshness and novelty. Paris, as long as it is Paris, will be gay, thoughtless, and excitable.



A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

FINE BRACING WEATHER. BITTER, BITTER COLD.

COLD.—THE LODGER OUT.

It is cold, cold, cold,
Bitterly, bitterly cold;
My garments are thin and old,
  And the north wind's breath is keen.
The shadows no longer play—
Tame ghosts! how they fade away
When Night round the couch of Day
  Draws closely her velvet screen!

And the poor, poor Poor,
The groaning, shivering poor,
Must a weary night endure—
  They have borne a weary day.
Alas, that when shadows blend
The poor can not seek their **Friend**;
That knees are too cold to bend,
  Even hearts too chilled to pray!

Stars peep down, down, down,
Blithely and merrily down—
I had rather that they would frown
  Than smile at sight of our woe;
But the angels, that vigils keep
When the stars close their eyes and sleep,
Bend over us ofttimes to weep,
  And their crystal tears are snow.

Oh, the rich, rich Rich,
The happy and favored rich,
Who doze in the chimney niche
  And prate of "this bracing air;"
God send you may never know
The hunger, and want, and woe
That curtain a couch of snow,
  And mock at Poverty's prayer!

And these stones, stones, stones,
These icy and tingling stones,
On which I must stretch my bones,
  And watch for the dawning light.
But, brothers, 'tis ours to endure!
All evils in time have a cure;
Till then, oh, rich Rich and poor Poor,
  May God love you all! Good-night!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, February 5, 1859.

THE NEW LOAN.

THE remaining half of the Twenty Million United States Loan of 1858 was awarded to the bidders on 24th January, at an average premium of about $2 40 per $100. The previous half of the loan sold at an average of $4 75 premium; so that, on the face of it, the national credit appears to have declined 2¼ per cent. since August last. There are, however, reasons for the discrepancy which do not involve the financial credit of the country.

At the time the first half of the loan was issued to the public the commercial world was in the midst of a general process of liquidation. Business—not only in the United States, but throughout Europe also—was stagnant; and no man could tell, from the general symptoms that were apparent, when it would revive. Many persons who had gone through the crises of 1837 and 1847 considered that at least five years would elapse before the active commercial movement of 1856 would be renewed. Under the circumstances the Government loan was eagerly welcomed by capitalists. Money in August last was not, on the average, worth over 3½ per cent. in the city of New York. A capitalist could thus afford to give a handsome premium for a five per cent. security. And, accordingly, the applications for the loan were more numerous and more liberal than even the most sanguine person had anticipated. Now, circumstances are materially different. Business is visibly reviving. The imports are very large. The manufacturers are overwhelmed with orders. Whatever may be the condition of the West, there can be no doubt but the South is richer than it ever was. The cotton growers, the spinners, the iron and coal miners, and many other producers, are pretty certain to do well; and, as a natural consequence, trade is sure to be profitable at the great commercial centres. There is sure to be a large amount of paper seeking discount. Loans are certain to be needed for all kinds of industrial and commercial enterprises. However plentiful money may be at this particular moment, before the summer expires there can be no doubt but we shall see a healthily-active money market. Men of means need be under no apprehension about their income this year.

This consideration alone is sufficient to account for the apparent decline in the value of the United States Five Per Cents. Capitalists see that they can now do better with their money than buy Government stocks.

Other reasons have concurred in producing the result. With singular want of judgment the Secretary of the Treasury directed that the loan should be awarded without the July coupon; thus, in effect, placing a bar on its sale till after July. This error was repaired on Tuesday, and the loan rose accordingly; but it was too late to prevent the transmission to Europe of the news that a premium of $2 40 had been the utmost the loan had obtained.

The uncertainty overhanging the Government finances likewise operated against the loan. It is certain that, even should Congress authorize the reissue of the Treasury Notes, a further loan of some twenty millions will be required for the ordinary service of the Government. Should Congress decide to fund the floating debt now existing in the shape of Treasury Notes, other twenty millions would be needed for this purpose. And should the popular scheme for the purchase of Cuba obtain favor at the hands of the National Legislature, other thirty millions may be called for on this account. Altogether it is quite possible that, before March next, Congress may authorize fresh loans to the amount of $70,000,000, or one year's gross income of the country. Every one can judge how such an avalanche of United States securities would affect the market. Should they be issued the people of this generation would see for the first—and, let us hope, for the last—time Government Five Per Cents. selling under par.

Nor have the existing complications in Europe been without effect in deterring capitalists from bidding for the new loan. Austria, Russia, and Sardinia are all in the market for loans ranging from $30,000,000 to $50,000,000; Great Britain wants $50,000,000 for India; France, of course, needs the usual $60,000,000. In case of war some of these loans would be sought at any sacrifice. It must not be supposed that these possibilities were unforeseen by such houses as the correspondents of the Rothschilds and the Barings. They suffice to account for their reserve, and for the reserve of other financial houses which take the cue from them.

THE WORKING FARMER.

We give in another part of this paper the first of a series of agricultural articles under the heading of the Weekly Farmer. We hope that these articles will be duly considered by our agricultural readers. They are prepared with considerable labor by a gentleman whose experience in agricultural literature is extensive; and they are calculated to be, alone, worth the very small price at which this journal is sold. Many a farmer will save ten times the cost of this paper if he study these articles with the attention they deserve.

We do not intend to reflect upon any contemporary. But it is notorious that widely-circulated papers, published in this city for country reading, contain articles on agricultural subjects which are designed to serve the private purposes of speculators here. The Western farmer will run no risk of being deluded by the information contained in the Weekly Farmer in this journal. It will never conceal facts in order to serve private purposes. It will contain all the information which farmers need, and will be worth to them more than all the agricultural works published in the course of the year. Farmers may rely upon it that our weekly agricultural column will contain the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

THE END OF THE PACIFIC RAILROAD SCHEME.

On Thursday the Senate killed the Pacific Railroad Bill. Senator Simmons of Rhode Island, a hard-headed, practical man, was the executioner who officiated on the occasion. It was manifest many days ago that the rivalry between the three proposed routes was too bitter to admit of compromise. The partisans of a Southern route seem to prefer no road at all to a Northern one; the advocates of the Northern route were no less fixed in their hostility to the Southern road; and the central line was opposed by the sectional men on both sides. So, for the present, the scheme falls to the ground, and as Mr. Douglas says, all that remains to be done is to bury it decently.

In truth, the country is quite too poor just now to build military roads at a cost of eighteen months' national revenue. When the public income again leaves a fat surplus in the Treasury, the Pacific Railroad project will be revived with every prospect of success. But to propose it at a time when Government is so poor that it has to borrow to pay the ordinary expenses of the public service was, to say the least, preposterous. We believe that within the past month Mr. Cobb has actually postponed the payment of very small sums, and that but for the promptitude which the successful bidders for the new loan have shown in paying the amount of their bids into the sub-treasury in this city, many public officers would have been seriously embarrassed in the discharge of their duties. To talk, under such circumstances, of spending a hundred millions on a work which, however useful, may safely be postponed for a few years, is out of the question.

We have no opinion to express in favor of or against any of the three rival routes. It belongs to engineers to decide between them, and we hope that competent men will be chosen (if the Senate bill should pass the House), and that neither political partisanship nor sectional prejudice will be considered in the matter. It is loudly asserted that the location of the overland route to California is very ill chosen, and that deference to sectional feelings has induced the Government and the contractors to adopt a line which is not the best, or the shortest, or the safest. With this fact, or—to speak circumspectly—with these rumors before us, the Pacific Railroad question can not be approached too cautiously. It will never do to build a road in the wrong place in order to please politicians from this or that section of the country. If it be not built on the line best adapted for it, in respect of engineering capacities, and where it can obtain the largest amount of business, it had better not be built at all.

SENATORIAL ETHICS.

The country will be glad to hear that the reports which were current a week since, and to which we, among others, gave currency, with respect to the late *fracas* in the Senate on the nomination of certain postmasters were exaggerated, and in many respects incorrect. It appears that Senator Davis, of Mississippi, did not tell Senators Douglas and Fitch that their language would disgrace the highwayman and the bravo; and though the lie certainly did pass between Senators Fitch and Douglas, in relation to the national appointments in Illinois, there was, we are assured, none of the coarse language used which the Washington correspondents have reported. This is very gratifying.

The Senate, we are sorry to say, does not stand very high as a school of debate or of manners. Senators are more accustomed to deliver lectures than to make business speeches. They write out speeches, part, or the whole, of which they deliver to a yawning House, and which are exclusively intended for perusal by the public afterward. Out of the sixty-four Senators at least thirty have such speeches to make, for the special consumption of constituents or admirers, on every leading topic. It happens rarely that two such speeches can be compressed into the limits of a day. A month is thus consumed in hearing the orations of Senators on one subject; and at the end of the month the practical business of legislation on the subject is no further advanced than it was at the beginning. The Senate might, on this head, take a useful lesson from the Parliament of Great Britain. In the British Houses a debate rarely lasts over one day. On great subjects it may last two or three days; but on the end of the third or fourth it is sure to come to a vote. Thus time is economized, and practical legislation advanced.

In respect of manners, the Senate of the United States is quite as much at fault. Every reader of Congressional proceedings can call to mind several instances within the past year or two in which one Senator has given the other the lie. At least four duels between Senators were on the tapis last winter. Already this season, one affair—between Senators Douglas and Fitch—has grown out of the intemperance of debate indulged in by Senators.

Young men, censured by their seniors for their hot-headed impatience of control, naturally refer, in their defense, to the example that is set them by the gravest and most respectable body in the land. If a postmaster can not be confirmed or a customs tariff altered without the lie passing between gray-headed Senators, how can it be expected that young Smith and Brown will regulate their tea-pot tempests without foul language and a resort to pistols or fisticuffs?

The Senate of the United States is setting a bad example to the country. If the Senators do not respect themselves, they should at all events take some thought for the evil their example may be doing. Bullyism and ruffianism—in words and in deeds—should surely be rather the monopoly of the prize-fighter than the United States Senator.

THE DIPLOMATIC SERVICE.

Congress is at present much troubled about the diplomatic service. Some members think the service, in the abstract, a good institution, but object to paying for a Minister to Persia. Others consider missions to Switzerland and Austria unnecessary. Some ultra radicals think the whole diplomatic service might be swept away; which creates no little commotion in the breast of men who have been abroad in their country's service, and who, with fond emotion, hope to go out again under the like circumstances.

Embassadors have been defined as men who are sent abroad to lie for their country. Without questioning the accuracy of the definition, it may be doubted whether lying by such officials could, under any circumstances, be of use to any country. And if embassadors are only to tell the truth, it is obvious that they are mere superfluities.

In the olden time, long before telegraphs, railroads, and steamboats—when there was no reliable post-office, and no truthful press to report events throughout the world—embassadors were a necessity. The King of France was never safe unless he knew what the King of England was about, and *vice versa*; accordingly, each monarch deputed a trusty spy to watch his brother sovereign, and the spies went by the name of embassadors—a grand Spanish name, sounding well, and meaning any thing but the truth. Even in these days embassadors—by blundering, intriguing, and misrepresenting—did about as much mischief as good. Still, they often served a useful purpose.

But in our day, when the press, aided by swift steamers, telegraphs, and railroads, presents the public with a daily record of events happening in all parts of the world, the vocation of court spies is evidently gone. No foreign Minister stationed at Washington can know as much, by his own observation, as Smith or Jones who takes the pains to read the Washington news in four or five New York dailies. The British Government, with all their enormous diplomatic staff, has frequently confessed that it has been indebted to the London journals for its information respecting foreign affairs. As vehicles of intelligence, embassadors have been entirely superseded by the newspapers.

It will be said that they are useful in conducting negotiations. This may be the experience of some foreign nations; it is not ours. Our foreign ministers invariably complicate and embarrass—never settle—the few foreign questions in which the United States are concerned. Look at the questions between this country and England, and between this country and France. Diplomacy has so tangled them—though they were simple enough at first—that it may yet need the sword to cut some of the knots. The pending questions between the United States and Great Britain might be disposed of in a week by two men who had no interest but that of peace and order; the diplomatists have been paid hundreds of thousands of dollars merely to complicate them.

As to the minor countries of the world, American diplomatic representation at their courts is an admirable joke. The American ministers to Switzerland, Austria, Turkey, Portugal, Persia, etc., must have some difficulty in restraining their merriment when they think of their functions. The old functionaries at the feudal courts, whose sole duty it was to carry a silver stick on state occasions, were efficient and laborious officers in comparison with the American ministers to these powers.

Consuls—with commercial jurisdiction—are necessary in every sea-port throughout the commercial world. The only advantage of diplomatic representation is, that it affords the Government of the day a graceful opportunity of rewarding political services.

THE LOUNGER.

PUBLIC HUGGING.

"Dear Mr. Lounger,—I observe that you keep a kindly eye upon the minor morals and manners, and that you have many friends all over the country, whose eyes are at your service, for the marking of all kinds of odd little circumstances. It certainly is a great satisfaction to have some such generous ear into which to pour our private griefs. This time, indeed, you will hardly think I have used the word correctly; and yet do you not know that many a public nuisance may be a private offense?

"If you do *not* yet know it, then you have only to take the train—any train, almost, Sir, in the country—and you will be instantly convinced of it.

"I write to you now, Mr. Lounger, to ask you to beg all young persons recently engaged or upon the point of engagement, recently married or upon the eve of matrimony, *not* to hug each other in the public cars. Yesterday I was obliged to take the train; and upon entering the car I found every seat occupied, except one by the side of a gentleman, who, I am happy to say, did not offer to fall into conversation upon the weather and the price of pork; but saw that I wished to read, or sleep, or think—in fact, saw that I did not wish to lose my privacy because I had been obliged to travel by the cars.

"Well, Sir, I was reading, as it happened; but my attention was in vain directed to my book, for, in front of me—and, of course, in front of at least twenty people—sat a young man and woman, reputably dressed, and of not unprepossessing demeanor. The young lady—who, I am sorry to say, wore no gloves, but exposed a very pretty plump hand to the public admiration—seemed suddenly to become drowsy, and resting her head for a moment against the window, then tipping it upon the back of the seat, and, finding the postures equally uncomfortable, she threw herself upon the young man's bosom; and he immediately encircled her with his arm.

"Now, Mr. Lounger, it is a dreadful thing to suggest—*but I am of opinion that the young woman was not sleepy!* for after a very few moments she raised her head nimbly, and planted herself in the young man's embrace; who, very naturally, raised his arm until it hugged her close around the neck. He played with the tassel of her cape, he played with the end of her tippet, he played with her pretty plump hand; in fine, Sir, had they been lovers newly betrothed, or newly married, and sitting in the most absolute privacy, they could hardly have engaged in fonder dalliance.

"Had it been a single instance, Sir, I should have said nothing. I should merely have pitied the foolishness of two geese, and spared you and your readers this letter. But, Mr. Lounger, it is very common. The 'traveling public' is converting the common railway car into a range of private chambers without walls. A party enters and turns over the back of a seat, and then encamps, as if there were nobody else within ear-shot or eye-shot. They sing, talk, scold, eat, and hug, as if they were behind stone walls and double-locked doors.

"Now, Sir, every body who comes into a car is bound to observe a certain propriety. He is bound to behave himself (yes, Sir, and herself) decently, and to remember that the man or woman in the next seat has a right to the best behavior of their neighbors. In one of his Mount Vernon Papers Mr. Everett mentions the loud conversation of two men in a sleeping car, murdering sleep, and apparently not conscious that they were most unconscionably selfish. So in a hotel: a man comes in at midnight, or later, stamps along the corridor to his room—singing, perhaps, or humming—slams his boots down before his door, bangs it after him as if there were no other people in the house who were paying quite as much money as he for their comfort, and as if any man under any conceivable circumstances had a right to be a great blundering, blustering, noisy, selfish booby.

"Whew, Sir! I swear I warm with the theme.

"Mr. Lounger, I think a great many of this class of our fellow-beings may just chance to see this letter. If any one of them does so, let him consider that it is intended for him. Let him reflect carefully upon Hogs. Let him remember that in every car, or station, or hotel, however he may swagger and snort, there is always somebody watching him with disgust, and that in the Lounger there is always some one who will put the complaint and protest of that observer before the world.

"TRAVELLER."

—TRAVELLER states his case warmly, but, upon the whole, fairly; and whenever his letter is read in a railroad car, let the reader instantly look around him, and decide whether the protest is not just.

"THE END CROWNS THE WORK."

MR. MOTLEY'S "History of the Revolution in the Netherlands in the Sixteenth Century" has been translated into French and published at Brussels, and, according to the correspondent of the *Times*, it has created astonishment, admiration, and enthusiasm.

But to those who know the author the greatest success in this matter is not that of the book but of the man. Mr. Motley, as an honorable name in American literature, is, within proper limits, the subject of personal interest and notice; and his career is an illustration of the best quality of character. It has the charm which is so alluring in the story of Sir Philip Sidney, who, young, handsome, and accomplished, would not allow his advantages to be sirens in whose sweet singing he forgot every thing but the pleasure of listening to it; but Mr. Motley, in a similar relative position, having published several years since one or two novels, which failed, instead of retiring upon misanthropy and pleading a want of public appreciation, undismayed by his failures, withdrew from a life of elegant leisure, and devoted himself, with enthusiasm and patient scholarship, to the investigation of one of the most momentous epochs of modern history, and has told with such picturesque fidelity the story of the great Prince of Orange—the hand of early Protestantism as Luther was its brain—that his work was at once hailed as among the noblest of modern histories, and the author, who had vainly tried to pluck a little bay leaf, finds himself crowned with laurel. The *Times* correspondent writes that one of his foreign critics says: "He has made of his work the most complete, the most learned, and the most living tableau of the sixteenth century—a drama and a poem as well as a monument of erudition. He has found the art of the historian, that difficult art to attain."

The Lounger commends the example of Mr. Motley to those of his friends who confide to him that they are not appreciated. Be sure that if we do any thing that the world wants, the world will thank us warmly enough for doing it.

A SCAPE-GOAT.

IF a man chooses to tie the tail of a horse to a manger, and then invites his fellow-men to pay two shillings apiece to see a horse with his tail where his head ought to be; and if those fellow-citizens, in great numbers, indulge their natural curiosity, and discovering, upon entering, that their own heads are perhaps a little out of place, and so keep the secret, that others may learn it for themselves, one can hardly be very indignant with any body.

So, if a man chooses to sew the tail of a dried cod to the head of a dead monkey, and to call the combination a mermaid, and solicit the attention of a discriminating public, and again the first spectator, for his own reasons, refrains from stating with equal publicity just what the mermaid is, you may not call it a very dignified business, but you can hardly fall into moral hysterics about it.

And if the same man engages the most celebrated singer in the world to cross the ocean and sing to thousands of delighted people, why shall we lose our tempers because he makes money by doing so?

If you want to hear a man praised as a kind friend and a good citizen, go to Bridgeport, in Connecticut, and ask about Mr. Barnum. If you want to know the name of the man who is generally called a great "humbug" by the perceptive public, you will probably hear the name of Barnum.

Now let us suppose that this fellow-citizen had come quietly to New York, and opened an office in Wall Street or its purlieus, and had there tossed and trampled stocks, after the manner of bulls and bears. Let us suppose that he sold ten thousand shares of the Moonshine and Suds Union stock, "to deliver," and had duly delivered, and "made his pile," and went on day after day doing the same thing, what would he be doing? Simply gambling; simply practicing upon the gullibility of a certain part of the public. He would be doing what, in Wall Street, is called speculating in stocks, and, in the American Museum, is called a horse with his head where his tail ought to be.

Mr. Barnum gambled in fancy stocks—in stocks of no value—mermaids, woolly horses, et cetera. But the fancy stocks of Wall Street can claim no higher value, and the gentry who gamble in them no higher consideration. If the one gambler is a humbug, what is the other?

Or suppose a man establishes a newspaper upon the principle that men like to have their whims flattered, and that popular opinion is always to be reflected in the paper, without regard to the editor's idea of what popular opinion ought to be; and for the purpose of pecuniary success, the editor always expresses the opinion and takes the side which he thinks will be most agreeable to the greatest number—what is that editor doing but gambling? He is speculating upon his sagacity to calculate with certainty the kind of thing people want to have said, whether he thinks it is a false and bad thing or not. He is sewing a cod's tail to a dead monkey's head and calling it a mermaid.

Mr. Barnum did the work more rapidly. He amassed more money in a shorter time than many of these persons, his brethren, in speculating upon public credulity. But then he had more genius, more daring.

Unhappily, he had not the art of keeping what he got, and was suddenly ruined. It is the fate of speculators of this kind, whether you apply in Wall Street or at the Museum. With undaunted heart he crossed the sea, and is now trying his fortune again in London. He is touching the same string, for it is not given to every man to excel in many ways, and is lecturing upon Humbug. Let us not rail at him for piping his own little song. Above all, don't let his fellow-speculators who have not chanced to be reduced revile him like a pickpocket. He has harmed no individual or public morals. He has mulcted the most credulous only in occasional shillings, not in thousands of dollars. He is not different from his fellows, but he is, unhappily for himself, the scape-goat of the flock.

THE PARK.

LOUNGERS and Parks have a secret sympathy. The Park, in most countries, is the peculiar resort of the Lounger. And in our own beloved public common, whereof aldermen are the feathered tribe, Loungers of every age have been sometimes observed, from the youthful pitcher of coppers up to the revered sachems of Tammany.

But the Park is doomed. It is now simply the most hideous area of desolation upon Manhattan Island. There is a fountain gone dry; there is a roofless and charred City Hall; there are grass-plats as smoothly worn bare as the coat of the oldest book-keeper upon the smallest salary; there are broken pavements, and patches of puddle and mud; there is the great Washington, equal to all emergencies—for surely Valley Forge and Morristown were nothing to being exposed in brown stone in the middle of our beloved loafer-pasture; there is every where in the inclosure the most dismal mockery of a free, open square; and the Park is doomed because this is now very generally perceived.

The whole space should be thrown open. Park Place, Murray and Warren streets should be carried across and paved like all other highways, the rest of the space being converted into broad sidewalks. Above all, it should not be closed up with buildings. Let it be the busy, open heart of the city, from which the great arteries shall be fed with traffic and confusion, for the open space is one of the chief and oldest charms of the solid part of the city.

At all events, before a place so inwoven with the associations and history of New York is destroyed by building, let the people themselves have a chance to say directly whether they wish to preserve it unencumbered or not.

REGRETS.

MR. PRENTICE, the well-known facetious editor of the Louisville *Journal*, is delivering a lecture in the various Lyceums upon American statesmen, and throughout the discourse there is a melancholy tone of regret, as if the great men of the country were all departed, and it were almost too much to hope that we may die decently.

This is a lugubrious but not unusual criticism. It is very natural that a man like Mr. Prentice, who has been conversant with public affairs for many years, as he looks around him and observes that the heroes of the great debates in which he was interested have left the arena, should sigh for the old familiar faces, and be reluctant to look upon the new combatants or be deeply interested in the newer struggles.

There is perhaps only the more reason for that regret, if the mourner has lived to see the chief measures that were associated with the men his youth worshiped and his manhood admired all passed or passing away with them. The three great political heroes of Mr. Prentice's earlier day were Calhoun, Webster, and Clay. They held and divided between them, for how many years, the Senate of the United States. There were other Senators of talent, learning, sagacity, and renown, but these were the greater Gods—these were the chosen pride of that assembly.

They are gone, and their political policies with them. They certainly are not without sufficient honor in public report; but the sentiment of the country has either reversed the decisions dearest to them, or has superseded them by questions more engrossing.

It is a graceful and natural tribute that Mr. Prentice pays to the memory of the famous age of which these were the famous men. But meanwhile let us not lose heart. The closer we come to the actual history of past times and men, the more plainly we see that they were quite like ours. The statesmen of our earlier day, even in the Washington era, were able men, but they were not immaculate men. There was quite as much hot political feeling, as much bitter misrepresentation, as much rancorous abuse as in our time. No President, perhaps, has ever been more thoroughly hated and unjustly criticised than Jefferson by the Federalists, none more than Hamilton by the Democrats. Time, that softens all, is already touching those times. Mr. Randall, in his Life of Jefferson, shows us that "Saint Thomas" was not a griffin with flaming claws; and Irving's last volume of Washington will unquestionably reveal the fact that Hamilton did not wear a kingly crown under his hat.

Mr. Prentice deals with later times and men. But as the statesmen he deplored succeeded those of the Revolution, so his departed heroes have successors. Public questions were never more fully and intelligently discussed than they are now. Let Mr. Prentice take heart, and all the other mourners likewise. "The days that are no more" have a rhythmic and appealing beauty in all sensitive imaginations. But even they, dear departed days, had each twenty-four hours and their share of sun and shade; and one great reason that they were so dear was that their time was not spent in regretting those that went before.

Let us all pluck up heart and make the best of the noblest opportunity God ever gave to men.

THE SINGER AND SEWER.

THE papers report a ball of the makers of the Singer Sewing Machine. By lightening labor, it is supposed, and justly, that many a sewer has been made a singer by the machine. But while we must all congratulate ourselves upon the progress of science and the agile invention of the Yankee genius, let us not forget in the cold winter day that, while labor is thus lightened to many, it is altogether taken away from some.

The inevitable immediate result of every labor-saving machine is the throwing of many honest laborers out of employ. This misfortune regulates itself by-and-by, by the increasing demand for work, and the opening of new forms of labor; but at first it has this melancholy result. Therefore let us not forget the poor women from whom science has stolen the needle, and who have lost even that precarious and scanty resource. They are all around us always, and the charity of thought and act is never lost upon them.

And as great numbers of hard-working women are thus constantly thrown into idleness, it is inevitable that the question of opening to them every department of labor in which they are fitted to work will receive more and more thoughtful consideration. It will presently come to be considered not a final disposition of the difficulty to laugh at women who "want to wear the breeches." It will be seen that it is a simple question of how a large part of the human race shall live.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

"DEAR LOUNGER,—You ask for the authorship of the line,

"'To die is but to land upon some silent shore.'

On the authority of a friend of acknowledged literary taste and of varied acquirements, I beg leave to offer the information that the author was Dr. (?) Samuel Garth, an English poet, who published, in 1750 or thereabouts, a metrical translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses. My friend is unable to say whether this line is from that translation or not: it may be found by 'overhauling' an Ovid. Yet again, it may be original. If, with this start, you find any thing more about the line and its author, please let us know.

"The couplet is—

"'To die, is landing on some silent shore,
Where billows never break, nor tempests roar.'

"A FRIEND OF THE LOUNGER
(*And an enemy of 'the Cherub'*)."

—For an explanation of "the cherub," the reader is referred to a late number of *Harper's Magazine*, in which the cherubs upon the cover of that periodical are attacked by a correspondent, and defended by the Lounger's friend, the Easy Chair.

"DEAR LOUNGER,—A disconsolate bachelor, a torment to himself and desirous (if the conditions are not too hard) to be a torment to some lovely woman, requests you to solve a difficulty which has thrown him into the utmost despair: How far does a wife's ownership over her husband extend? I am not so absurd, you know, as to suppose that a man after marriage has any free-will of his own. But there must be a limit somewhere to female—let us call it supervision; and I did think, until I met with this notice in a recent English paper, that both by law and common usage, a man might go and have his likeness taken without asking permission of his wife. The notice states that

"'THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY OF EMINENT PERSONAGES will commence a New Volume on the 8th of January, 1859, when will be published, *by permission of Her Majesty*, a Portrait of H.R.H. the PRINCE CONSORT, engraved on Steel, from a Photograph by Mayall.'

"I have heard before that Prince Albert is sadly obedient; but to me this is a very serious matter. Suppose I were married—and I assure you the case is easily supposable—I am just about to send to the publishers my great American Epic, and desire to have it illustrated with a portrait of General Washington and one of myself—now would I have to get the permission of Mrs. Brown, Jones, or Robinson (the name is neither here nor there), before placing myself in the hands of the inimitable Brady?

"I await your reply with anxiety. If you perversely decide in favor of the ladies, Matilda will have to wait till my Epic is published. That is decided.

"Yours faithfully, B. B."

—Whatever ill-regulated bachelors may think of the duties and limitations of matrimony, and however wild their ideas may be of personal independence, they will be brought to a clear sense of their condition as soon as they are married. Why, evidently, if a husband might go without permission and have his daguerrotype taken, what is there that he might not do? It is simply opening the door of opportunity, which every wise wife keeps locked and the key in her pocket. Wherever the wife has brought her husband under proper control she suffers no step to be taken without her permission. Did B. B. never hear of the striped pig? But if the Queen of every Prince Albert did not insist upon her natural right of veto, does not B. B. see that "I want to go and have my daguerreotype taken, please, ma'am," would gradually be a mere play upon words, and upon things also? Every self-willed husband would go "for a week's shooting in the country," under pretense of having his daguerreotype taken. No, Sir, the Queen is perfectly right. All the Master Alberts must be ticket-of-leave men, or they ought to be arrested, whatever they are doing.

—The Lounger's anonymous friend, who writes from Philadelphia about Thackeray, is informed that his note has been "passed on" to the "Co-citizen." But the Lounger read it first, and has a word to say in reply. Let him thank his unknown correspondent for the courtesy of his letter—with the doctrine of which, however, he essentially disagrees. Any reader who finds Thackeray to be only "a keen worldling" and an accomplished literary artist, using his skill "to balance on the delicate edge that separates 'the thing' from 'not the thing at all,'" has so profoundly different an impression that it is scarcely possible for the Lounger to do more than wonder. Is it possible for any body to read *The Newcomes* without perceiving its moral scope in the same way that it is perceived in Shakespeare and the works of all great genius—that is, as the necessary result of the contemplation of the whole, as in human life? Is there not this tone always audible in Thackeray's writings? "Since literature has been battering our common sin and folly by describing good and beautiful impossible beings, and we remain proof against the picture, why not try the other style a moment? Now look hard—here is a mirror, and there!—good Sir and good Madame, that is your portrait! Yes: you are actually that! If, then, the pictures of an impossible prettiness fail to stimulate you, let us try whether the portrait of your own folly will not shame you." That is very different from the "keen worldling" theory. Thackeray does not lead with more "logical directness" to Eugene Sue than Fielding, or Shakespeare, or Cervantes. It is true that the botcher and Raphael may both paint the same subject, and in both cases the result be a painting. But the one is art and the other is not. Thackeray undoubtedly writes from Experience, and Dickens often the same thing from Imagination—the result shows the difference of the inspiration. But that difference can not be quoted as a condemnation of either. There are so many different kinds of workmen for the same work. Let us be as charitable, and patient, and catholic as we can!

—MEDICUS proposes from Baltimore a method of raising the Mount Vernon money in three months. He suggests that the Lounger should ask some friend and reader of the *Weekly* in every town to call a town-meeting, or to canvass his town and solicit every man, woman, and child to give one cent. But this is the very thing the ladies are doing. Mr. Everett's oration is, practically, a town-meeting, and the ladies of the fund canvass the residences and shops. The Lounger's own plan would be to announce that if the money were not collected by the 1st of July, 1859, the project would be abandoned. This reluctant and tardy contribution destroys half the dignity of the enterprise. It is fast ceasing to be, in any just sense, a tribute.

—TERENCE, Chicago, complains of the very picture which an anonymous correspondent in Tarrytown so enthusiastically admires, that he breaks off into an imitation of General Morris's "Woodman, spare that tree!" TERENCE will be reminded by the coincidence that there are various tastes for which an editor must provide. The insinuation of TERENCE, that politics enter into the matter, is ludicrously wrong; but his assertion concerning a certain political party, that it is inconsistent in its sympathies, would be warmly denied by its members. The Lounger begs to assure TERENCE that the "political" platform of the *Weekly* is the determination to please and instruct the greatest possible number of readers in the most unexceptionable way.

—J. B. writes that he believes "Macaulay to be, on the whole, a more valuable, certainly more popular and practical writer," than Carlyle, and that "he is aptly called a brilliant essayist." But he laments "the appearance of private feelings in all our authors"—in their works, we suppose him to mean. The Lounger differs from J. B. He thinks that Carlyle is the most influential and representative intellectual force of the time. Emerson speaks of the practical materialism of Macaulay. "His *food* is good to eat." He is a marvelous scholar and fascinating narrator; but he is surely not a great thinker. Macaulay influences men's styles of writing, not their minds and lives.

—A FRONTIER WOMAN, in *Leroy*, defends Thackeray in the great maple sugar case:

"If you, or J. G. J., of Upper Red Hook, will inquire *diligently* of backwoodsmen and Indians, I am sure you will find that it has been a common custom with them to tap the sugar-maple in autumn after *heavy* frosts, and gathering the sap to make molasses (I think it will not grain readily at that season of the year). Mr. Thackeray would have made no mistake at all had he written sirup instead of sugar."

—C. HENDERSON, North Carolina, sends a new song to an old tune:

"I'll think of thee when tadpoles shake
Their little tails down in the water,
And when the frogs the neighbors wake
I'll think of thee, old Johnson's daughter.
When the new moon the old embraces,
And minks seek roost to steal chickee,
Be I in dark or torchlit places,
Ill think of thee! I'll think of thee!"

There is more, but the sentiment is contained in this stanza.

FACT, FANCY, AND FUN.

BY A SOUTHERN LAWYER.

"A TIGHT 'QUEEZE."

The sudden acquisition of wealth in the cotton-growing region of the United States, in many instances by planters commencing with very limited means, is almost miraculous. Patient, industrious, frugal, and self-denying, nearly the entire amount of their cotton-crops is devoted to the increase of their active capital. The result is, in a few years large estates, as if by magic, are accumulated. The fortunate proprietors then build fine houses, and surround themselves with comforts and luxuries to which they were strangers in their earlier years of care and toil.

No planter in all the region round about him had started with such slender means, and had been more successful in speedily growing rich, than John Woolun. Having arrived at a period in his affairs when he thought he could venture to indulge himself and family with a more elegant and comfortable dwelling, he selected an eminence in the middle of his plantation as the spot on which to erect his splendid mansion. Several years before he had left untouched the native growth on this hill, indulging *then* the hope of one day displaying there his architectural taste. Before determining positively whether that elevated plat of ground should be the site of his new settlement, he concluded to have a well dug—obtaining water being indispensable to any further progress, etc. With this view he put three of his negro men—Ike, Jake, and Ben—to digging. Before commencing, however, he procured the services of Moses Doggett, celebrated for his success in the use of the divining-rod. This "water wizard," as he was called, after repeated trials with a hazel switch, selected a spot very near a low partition fence running through the centre of the elevation, and dividing two conterminous fields. His negroes had gone some forty feet in search of water, when an accident occurred which frustrated Woolun's plans and hopes, occasioned the cutting down and destruction of all those old and venerable oaks, and converted that high and beautiful spot next spring into a small patch of new-ground corn!

As the negroes engaged in digging the well were eye-witnesses to so disastrous an occurrence, Ike shall describe it in his own way.

"You see de 'water-kunger' Mass Doggett cum dar wid his forket peach-tree twig, and he hole 'em in both hand, and walk and walk round dar, till, bime-by, dat ting fall down, and pinte out de place whar de water lay sholler. Dat was rite by de back of dat low fench. It mout be de rite place for to dug well, but mighty onlucky for de ole man, as you see arter a while. He druve up stake dar, and told us to dug away. We 'gin, one to work under ground, two to drug up dirt wid basket and rope, turn and turn 'bout.

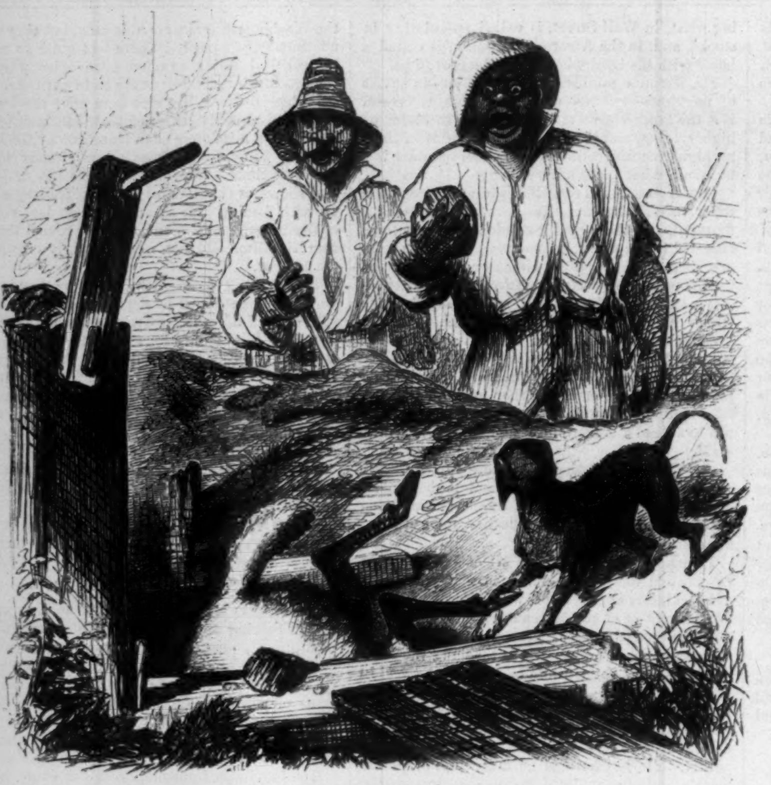
"When we did got dat well 'bout forty foot into de ground, and had went to dinner, one day, de ole man he walk up dar to see how we was coming 'long wid de operation. When he arrove dar he let down de empty basket, set down on side of de well, tuck hold on de rope, put he foot in de step we dig in de sides, and did went down. Now, you know, he low man and mighty big, I didn't thought he retch dem steps, his legs so short; but he did! When he was down dar, looking for wet yeth, he dog, which follow him out dar, tuck arter de sheep in tudder field; and here de whole mulgus come ripping, tarring, and jump ober dat fench rite by dat well. Fus thing dat ole man know, here went big ram down dat well on 'em! Sheeps, you knows, is mighty big fools; whar one does jump, all follers, and dar jes crowded on 'em down dar forty head! You ort to see de fools; as ef de well wa'n't deep nuff, ebry one jump 'bout five foot high 'fore he leff downwurd!

"I neber hear sich noise under de yeth as dat ole man make 'fore. He hollered, 'Draw me! draw me!' We seed de sheep running in as we was coming back from dinner, but didn't know de ole man was in dar till we hearn him holler. Den we run; but, bless God! 'twas too late. De last sheep was in, and de dog was ripping, barking, shirring 'bout dar, look like he gwine to jump in heself—thought he dun big things, treeing de ole man and de sheep! I gin him a sockdologer on head wid rock; and when he come to, he leff, wosser hurt dan any thing come outen dat well dat day.

"We tuck hold dat windlass, and try to drug up de whole conflutement; couldn't budge 'em; steam-ingine gwine to stall wid dat pile! All dem sheep lay still and say nuffing; but de ole man he make noise down dar like bull-frog wid bad cold. Ef he warn't crowded, dis nigger wouldn't say so! Jake, he did run down, and did cut de rope 'bove dem sheep, which we splice it, and den we did work hard to 'lieve sheep, ole man, and all. Dem sheep, when de was pulled out, was bigger fool dan eber; de know not which way to go; ebry one go he own way; no two did went together; de all did fell out wid one and nudder, and 'solved de gang. Dar was twenty-seven sheep on de ole man, and thirteen underneath 'em! He dun his best to keep on top, but didn't git quite to de middle of de excitement!

"When we did got de ole man out he look wuss for ware; he smell like whole gang of sheep—was mightly skint all ober he face and hand. He didn't have breff nuff to talk much; he jist say, 'Full up dat well and go to picking out cotton.' Now we did thought de ole man's head been *wool-geddering*, and dat he loss he mind, so we dig off dat evening. Next mornin' we did went back to dug in dat well 'gin; but soon de ole man cum out dar in big hurry. When he cum in 'bout twenty foot of dat well he stop quick, and look round to see ef sheep was about. He say, 'You black scamps, didn't I tell you full up dat well? Full her up; ram dirt all back in her hard; plant tirmidy grass over her; never want to see dat place no more!'

"We dun so and leff. De ole man send all dem sheep off; got he gorge of mutton; full up de well at de house, and drink no well-water sense. He found spring down de branch, build he new house down dar close by, have little new ground up on dat hill next year. De ole man, de say, dun leff it in his will he must not be buried under de ground. I tell you what, ef de do, and sheep cum grazing 'bout dar, he gwine to leff dat place. Now de say de devil punish man in de bad world wid fire and brimstone. I don't know so well 'bout dat; but sure as you are born, ef eber he git de ole man, he gwine put him in deep well, and set sheep browzing 'bout dar, and put cur-dog arter 'em!"



"DEM MIGHTY BIG FOOLS, DE SHEEPS."

A RACE IN WHICH THE HORSE THAT STARTED LAST AND CAME OUT FIRST DID NOT WIN—OR NOT RUNNING AVERAGE.

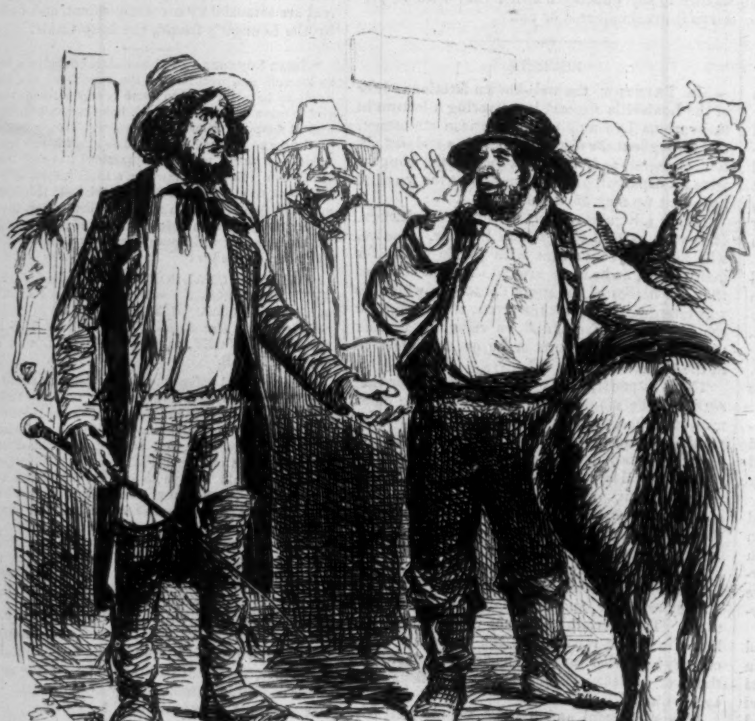
"It is no use, gentlemen, to talk; the race is made, money staked, and 'Montcalm' is bound to run. I know what you say is true; he has not been out of the stable in three months; and in my opinion that is so much the better. Durn a horse that can't bottle up any quantity of speed and bottom in that time! I run him on the *long-keep*, and if he can't, after resting so long, beat that shadow of a Kentucky filly, I'll alter his condition in life most materially, and make a plow-horse of him!"

The foregoing was uttered by Thomas Jud in a loud, impatient tone and manner, surrounded by a number of his friends and advisers, on the race-course near the village of Hayneville, not thirty miles distant from the metropolis. It will be readily perceived a race was on *hand*, if "Montcalm" was not on *foot*, and that his owner had no idea of paying forfeit.

Several months prior to this Jud won this celebrated stallion in a raffle. The horse being rather vicious and hard to control, was locked up in a stable, and water and provender furnished through the cracks. He had been thus housed for three entire months, and presented, indeed, a strange appearance for a racer. His shoeless hoofs were unnaturally long, and no eye, however practiced, could tell from his foot-prints on the track where he run, what they were, and which way the animal that made them was traveling. His *crack-feed* agreed with him finely; and as for health and fat, one would have to search extensively the realms of horsedom in Tennessee and Kentucky to find a better specimen. His obesity was such as to throw him out of horse shape, to which add his long, uncombed foretop, heavy mane and tail, and some faint idea may be formed of his horseship. The only encouraging sign about him was his eye. That was noble. Having been released so suddenly from his long confinement, and thrown on the race-course amidst so many of his species, caused an excitement which gave an unnatural expression to his organs of vision. As his owner surveyed him over, tossing up and down his bull-shaped neck, neighing shrilly, and peering through his thick, shaggy foretop with his flashing eyes, you could read pride and triumph in his handsome and intelligent face.

"I tell you, gentlemen, he's game—has a small steam-engine within him as sure as you are born! My only fear is that the locomotive can't show all of its speed on a circular track. If the conductor puts on his brakes right, and holds him properly at the corners, you will see the trip made in the quickest sort of time. Who's afraid? Besides" (in an undertone to one of his friends), "the fate of 'Montcalm' and the stakes are in good hands. Do you suppose the judges will give up their own money? Until they do that, mine is in no danger."

The truth was, the judges were going his halves! The race was one mile out, and the stakes $10.



"DO YOU SEE ANY THING VERDANT HERE?"

"Montcalm's" competitor was a Kentucky filly of fine parts, in first-rate running order, and the *beau ideal* of a race nag. Her owner—a tall, raw-boned man, with an uncommon share of red hair about his face and head, and with a long drab overcoat and leggings on—sported a huge, heavy, loaded horsewhip, and seemed well acquainted with the business on hand.

Relying on the superior fleetness of his filly, he gave Jud's horse the inside track, and held her back at the tap of the drum until every one saw the horse had at least one hundred yards the start. But when she was permitted to leave, the distance between two contending horses was never so quickly "devoured up."

"Montcalm" commenced his performances with great power but little speed. He seemed as if endeavoring to break through rather than pass over the earth. Before he made a quarter of a mile from the stand Kentucky was one hundred yards ahead!

There was likely to be no sport. But by some means the entrance-gate to the race-course had been left open, and stood just ahead of the filly, who, disdaining to compete with so uninteresting an adversary, in spite of rein and spur, darted through the opening, and ran some hundred and fifty yards before she could be taken up.

"Montcalm" came lumbering by amidst the earthquake shout of Jud's friends, with no inclination whatever to imitate the filly in extra labor; was fully satisfied there was ground enough inside on which to exhibit his speed and bottom.

At the moment when the filly's defeat seemed inevitable she was rushed back into the track, and took after the horse. So lightning-like was her motion, and so fast was her gaining on him, the tumult and shout were suddenly hushed, and all, with suspended breath and instinctive admiration, gazed on such wonderful exhibition of speed, set off, doubtless, by a contrast with the slow motion of the horse. Wonderful to relate, under the weight of the disadvantages above mentioned, she passed the horse and came out twenty feet ahead! The judges, without hesitation, announced that Jud was entitled to the money. The surprise and astonishment of the Kentuckian may be better imagined than described. His face became redder than his head—both seemed on the eve of spontaneous combustion.

"Gentlemen," said he to the judges, "I desire to ax you a few questions."

Their silence and attention seemed to say "proceed."

"Didn't my filly start last?"

"Yes," said the judges.

"She flew the outside track, which always makes it the furthest round, and came in where she went out, didn't she?"

"Yes."

"She came out first, didn't she?"

"Yes."

"Well, why am I not entitled to the money?"

To most fair-minded men this conclusion from these premises would have been irresistible. But as soon as the last interrogatory was put, one of the judges, with great decision in his manner and tone, said,

"Durn your filly! She was too far behind in the middle of the race; she didn't run average!"

Never was reason more unsatisfactory to a red-headed man. Without attempting to answer such logic, he appealed to Jud himself, and demanded if, under the circumstances, he would take the money?

"Do you see any thing verdant here?" said the person addressed, putting his right thumb on the end of his nose and waving his open hand. "The money is what I made my horse do all that hard running for, and to give him a reputation on the turf."

"You can't pretend you won the money fairly. My nag, to a certainty, beat your horse; and this day's proceedences haven't given him any karacter."

"What's the use of having judges if you are not governed by what they decide?" replied Jud; "and although your filly may have the heels of 'Montcalm,' yet, the Bible somewhere says, 'The race is not always to the swift.'"

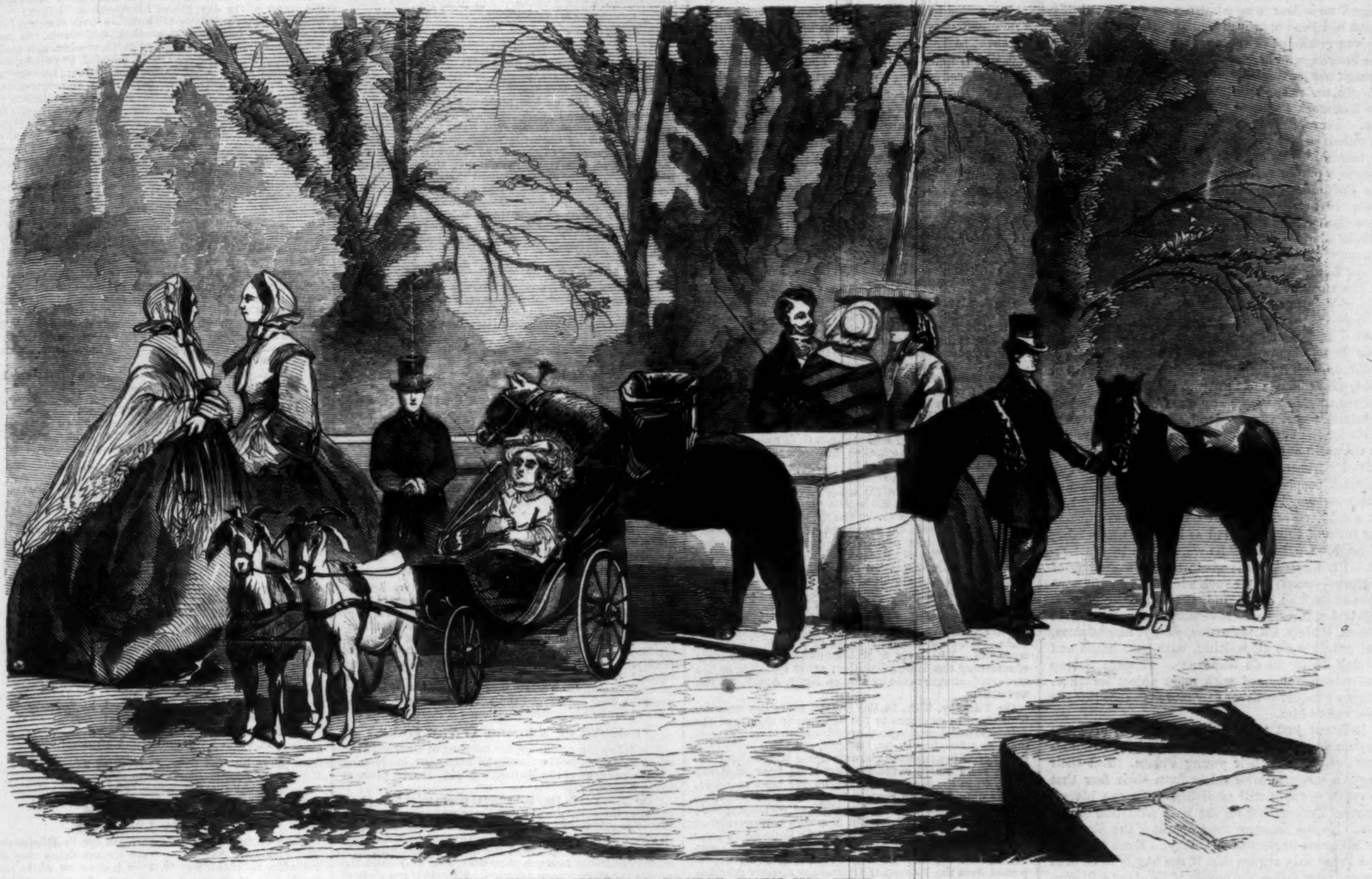
"The man that writ that Scriptur'," retorted the Kentuckian, "must have done racing, and in time lit up with Hayneville judges! I have seventeen mules and a span of carriage-horses, worth in this market $3000. I will stake them against $2000, and run my filly against your horse on the Montgomery track."

"I never run on the *short*, but always on the *long keep;* and I don't think 'Montcalm,' from present appearances, can get his breath in three months, *if he does then!* Having established his character on the turf, I will run him no more."

HOW ROYAL YOUTHS ENJOY THEMSELVES IN EUROPE.

The illustrations on the following page shed a useful light on the life and education of the juvenile members of royal families in Europe. In the next generation, when the royal children of our day will be men, actively influencing the destinies of their respective countries and of the world, it is highly probable that our relations with Europe will be closer than they are. And as the child is father to the man, a knowledge of the habits of the one may not prove wholly useless in dealing with the other. One of our illustrations depicts the infant heir to the Imperial throne of France surrounded by his "stud." The other engraving introduces us to Prince Alfred, a younger son of Queen Victoria, making his first appearance as a midshipman at Malta, and undergoing a public reception at the hands of the Governor and authorities of that British Colony.

We are happily enabled, with the aid of the Paris journals, to give a pretty exact account of the outdoor habits of his Imperial Highness, the son of



THE FRENCH IMPERIAL PRINCE, WITH HIS STUD.

Napoleon. According to the laws of Court etiquette, he is not entitled to a separate establishment until he reaches the mature age of seven years. Then he will have a squire and a groom of his own, with no end of horses and carriages; the cost of all which will, of course, be defrayed by a special appropriation from the Government of France. At present his stud is paid for by his papa out of the general Civil List. His carriages belong to the Emperor. He has not even a racer of his own.

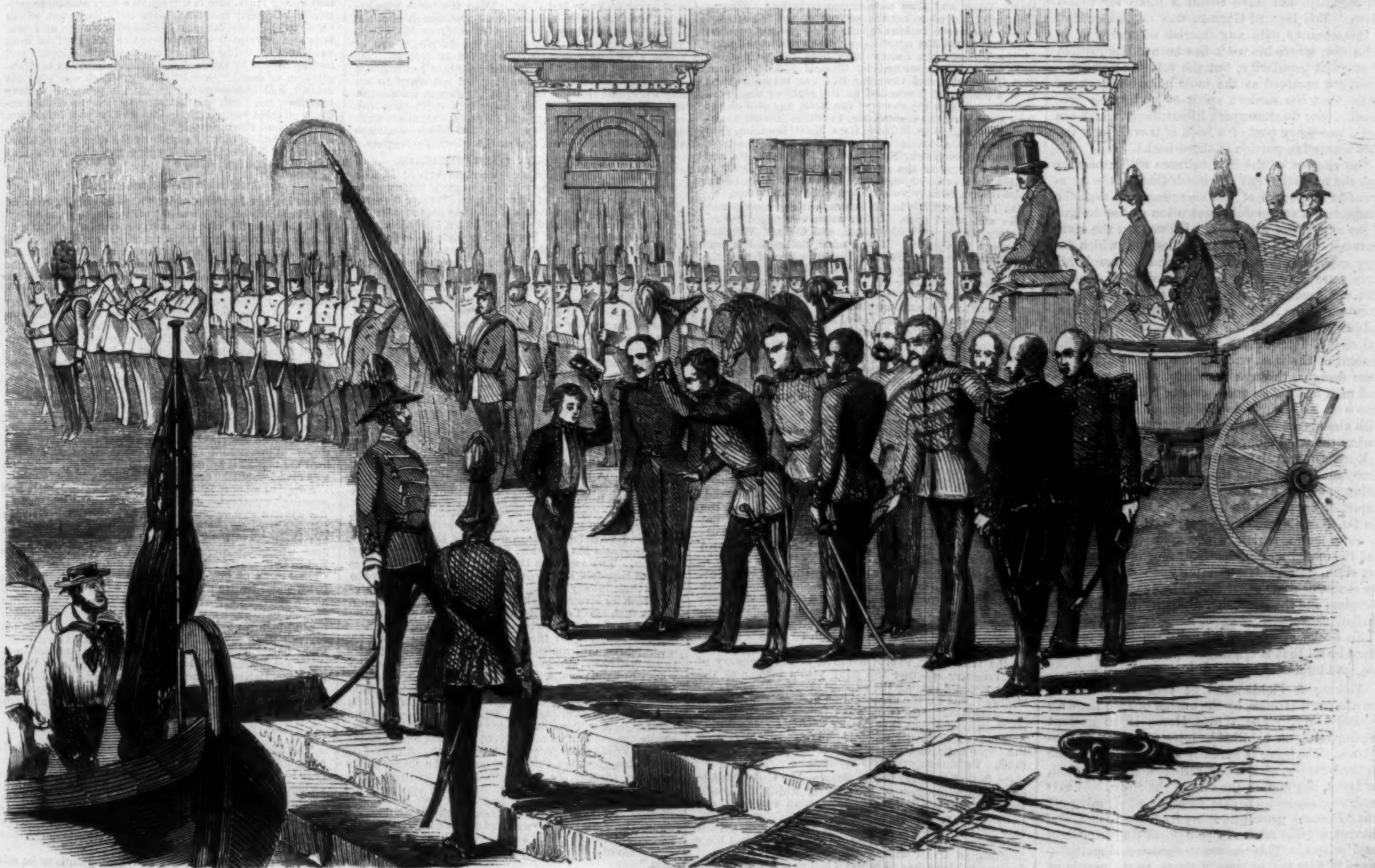
His Royal Highness is thus entitled to the respectful sympathy of a kind world. Still, it must be admitted that the privations incidental to his dependent position are not intolerable. When, in Paris, he takes the air, he travels in a landau, with a pretty English girl, named Miss Showe, by his side. A *piqueur* rides in front of the carriage, one of the Emperor's outriders follows, and a squadron of cavalry surrounds the vehicle, the commanding officer, with drawn sword, riding as close to the Prince as the wheels will permit. This public confession of the peril in which the poor child lives is only necessary at Paris.

In the country—at St. Cloud, Fontainebleau, and Compiègne—assassins are not so vigilantly guarded against. In the parks attached to these palaces the baby prince takes the air with less restraint. If he desires to drive, he has a lovely little green wagon drawn by two goats. Each goat is managed by a separate groom, and the baby prince is comforted during the drive by Miss Showe and a couple of other nurses. By the time he is tired of his goats, two Norwegian ponies, bought for the Empress but by her generously bestowed on her son, will be thoroughly trained to draw a fairy *calèche*, built expressly for the boy by the most famous carriage-maker of Paris. At present they are only half tamed, though in the illustration they look quiet enough. These compose the baby's driving stud. Strangely enough, it has never been suggested to harness two courtiers—say senators or editors—to one of the baby carriages! Surely they would answer as well as the ponies.

When the baby desires to ride, he has a she-ass of remarkable beauty and uncommon docility; likewise a Shetland pony, called Balmoral, presented by the Queen of England. The latter animal, with the saddle used by the Prince—in which he must resemble a Jack-in-the-box—will be seen in the illustration.

The Paris editors remark upon these carriages, saddles, asses, and ponies that they evidence "the strong and liberal education" which the Prince is receiving. They hardly constitute our notion of a strong and liberal education. But it does not do to be hypercritical in such matters.

Let us turn now to the English Prince. He is, according to all accounts, a boy of fourteen, and a promising young fellow. A few months ago he was apprenticed to the sea as a midshipman on board the *Euryalus*. Great care, we were told, had been taken to preserve his immaculate purity. The



RECEPTION OF THE ENGLISH PRINCE, ALFRED, BY THE AUTHORITIES AT MALTA.

captain was a born noble, and so were others of the officers. For some months before Prince Alfred joined no officer was admitted on board till his name had been approved by the Queen. The public was reminded of the naval services of William the Fourth, who had been in his day a pretty fair, though not particularly daring or intelligent, sailor. So, under such auspices, Prince Alfred swung his hammock on board the *Euryalus*, and went to sea. There was much fuss made about him when he sailed, and likewise at the British ports at which he touched before leaving the British channel; at Lisbon a public reception was given to him, and the Portuguese Court was violently agitated by the arrival of the lad. But it was left for General Pennefather, and the authorities and people of the British island—Malta—to show how much flunkyism survives in the human race in the present year of our Lord.

The moment the *Euryalus* came in sight of the city of Valetta the batteries were manned, and as soon as she was within hearing a royal salute was fired. Before the port officers had declared the ship fit to communicate with the shore the Governor and civil dignitaries were alongside in a boat, wild to pay their duty to the midshipman of fourteen. Long before any one from the ship had obtained permission to land, arrangements were made for the landing of the boy; and accordingly, as shown in our engraving, he landed, and was received, bareheaded, by all the most illustrious and dignified people of the place. Old General Pennefather—covered with glory and honors nobly won as a soldier—cringed and bowed and skulked in the train of the young lad as if he had been King of England. Public balls were given in his honor. Public notice was given that he—the boy of fourteen—would honor such a building by his presence at such an hour; and, at the hour appointed, Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, Commander of the Forces, Bishop, Chief Justice, clergy, magistrates, and people were all waiting, with bare heads and bended knees, to do obeisance. Eastern Satrap was never welcomed with more abject servility. Mighty conqueror never saw more tongues lick the dust before him.

It is but just to say that the people of Great Britain do not seem much pleased with the adulation bestowed on their young Prince. But their regret appears to arise solely from their fear that so much worship will spoil him. No one blames General Pennefather for his base adulation of the boy. No one censures the Captain of the *Euryalus* for his gross neglect of his duty. Even the London *Times* only argues that if the boy is to be bred a rose-water sailor, the people of England will simply cease to think about him. In all Great Britain not one manly voice is raised to denounce and execrate the loathsome flunkyism of which the officials of the *Euryalus* and of Malta have been guilty.

LITERARY.

TRAVEL readers, and all who are interested in the wonderful advances made by modern investigation in the heart of Africa, will welcome the third volume of DR. BARTH'S TRAVELS AND DISCOVERIES IN NORTH AND CENTRAL AFRICA, from the press of Harper & Brothers, not only as a work of intrinsic interest and curiosity, but as a most valuable contribution to our geographical and ethnological knowledge. The two volumes which preceded this have been making their way silently but steadily, and have found a place for themselves. The learned German was not announced in this country with any flourish of trumpets, as in Europe, where his work has been distinguished by so great popularity, but the volumes now published are received as the most valuable work on Africa that the modern spirit of roving has produced. Nor do the superb illustrations, which are now a necessary part of a book of travel, form the least attractive portion of these books.

The readers of the first volumes will remember that the narrative left Dr. Barth alone in the country after the death of Mr. Overweg, and that the prospect of a successful prosecution of the designs of the expedition was poor. He was not the man, however, to yield to circumstances over which energy could exert any control, and although his plans were changed he yet determined to accomplish one great object of African research, the exploration of the Niger, and the opening of commercial intercourse with the great and almost mythical city of Timbuktu. The volume contains his account of the most successful accomplishment of these designs, through a country where no civilized man had before gone, among tribes of natives who were as strange to his eyes as he to theirs, with abundance of stirring adventure and incident during the whole journey.

European travelers have experienced the petty annoyance of changing their coin at each change of country, when zwanzigers must be turned into francs, or kreuzers into baiocchi. Let them imagine Dr. Barth's occasional perplexity when about to enter a new region, where coin was unknown, and the medium of exchange is now a strip of cotton cloth, now a shirt, and now the strings of cowrie shells, or some other standard unknown to civilization, and the European difficulty will sink into insignificance.

No books of modern travel surpass these volumes in all that is ornamental, instructive, valuable, and interesting.

Ticknor & Fields send us THE SCOURING OF THE WHITE HORSE, by the author of Tom Brown's School Days. The White Horse is an ancient Saxon relic, on a hill-side near Abingdon in England. The horse is actually a rude outline of the animal cut out of a chalk hill-side, and standing, or lying, in relief on the side of the slope. Whatever be its origin, there is a custom of cleaning off the growth of grass and moss from the image, and having a great fair and two days of English games and sports. This occurs "semi-occasionally"—once in five, ten, or twenty years, as the people of the neighborhood determine, and the book is an account of two days of this fun in 1857.

We notice with pleasure the commencement of a new and very elegant edition of MR. COOPER'S NOVELS, to be issued by W. A. Townsend & Co., and illustrated by Darley. The first volume is before us, containing THE PIONEERS. And while it is superfluous to speak at present of the general literary character of Cooper's works, we may take the opportunity to urge on every one who does not possess the entire set, this opportunity of possessing the most elegant extant edition of the great American novelist.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

ON Monday, 24th January, in the Senate, a memorial was received from the Legislature of Indiana, setting forth that Henry S. Lane and William M. M'Carthy were the rightful Senators from Indiana, and praying for their admission; referred to the Committee on the Judiciary. Senators Bigler and Cameron presented memorials from Pennsylvania, praying for an alteration in the tariff; referred. Senator Slidell, from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, reported in favor of granting $30,000,000 to the President for the purchase of Cuba. Senators Mason and Seward dissented from the views of the Committee, which were sustained by Senators Bayard and Toombs. The Senate then went into Executive Session.——In the House, Mr. Stephens vainly endeavored to have the House set apart two days for Territorial business, Mr. Morgan of New York objecting. On motion of Mr. Phelps, $10,000 were appropriated to pay the expenses of witnesses before the Investigation Committees of last session. On motion of Mr. Sherman the foreign missions were limited to Great Britain, France, Spain, Russia, Brazil, Mexico, China, Peru, Nicaragua, and Turkey. A discussion on the policy of the diplomatic system ensued, in which Messrs. Stewart, Clay, Lovejoy, Miles, Bocock, Marshall, and Phillips took part. Mr. Branch, from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, reported a bill granting $30,000,000 to the President to be used as he sees fit for the acquisition of the island of Cuba. Mr. John Cochrane spoke in favor of the Homestead Bill. Mr. Davis, of Massachusetts, spoke in favor of retaining the fishing bounties; other speeches on the same subject were made by Messrs. Kelly, Avery, Atkins, and others.

On Tuesday, 25th, in the Senate, some conversation took place in reference to the newspaper reports of the debate in secret session on the confirmation of certain postmasters. Senators Davis, Douglas, and Fitch denied the accuracy of the reports. Senator Green stated that there was a room where eaves-droppers could hear what was going on in the Senate, but that, having been searched, it was only found to contain two black cats. Senators Pugh and Mason denounced newspaper correspondents. Senator Green moved for Mr. Nugent's correspondence from Vancouver's Island. The Pacific Railroad Bill was then taken up, and a long speech made by Senator Johnson against the bill.——In the House, Mr. English reported from the Post-office Committee against granting the franking privilege to the Regents of the Mount Vernon Association. The House tabled memorials for lines of steamers to the Gulf of Mexico, to South American ports, and to the West Indies. Bills were reported to abolish the franking privilege, and to regulate postage on periodicals. The Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill was taken up, and an amendment carried, appropriating $7500 for the salary of Townsend Harris, Minister to Japan. The diplomatic system was discussed by Messrs. Curry, Keitt, and Sickles. The African slave-trade was brought up by a motion of Mr. Dowdell to strike out an appropriation of $75,000 to enable the President to carry out the Act of 1819. Discussion ensued, in which Messrs. Phelps, Clay, Singleton, Nichols, and Dowdell took part. A resolution was adopted, calling for the correspondence of John Nugent.

On Wednesday, 26th, in the Senate, the credentials of Senator Fessenden were presented. Senator Seward moved that Messrs. Lane and M'Carty, claiming to be Senators from Indiana, be admitted to the floor; laid on the table. On motion of Senator Iverson, the subject was again taken up, and after remarks by Senators Seward, Bayard, Bell, and Davis, the resolution was again laid on the table by 31 to 22. The Pacific Railroad Bill was taken up, and the amendments of Senators Wilson, Davis, Pugh, and Rice were successively lost. Senator Hammond moved to lay the subject on the table; lost. ——In the House various reports of no general interest were made from the several committees, and acted upon by the House. Mr. Kelsey introduced the Homestead Bill, which was discussed by himself and Mr. Grow. The Diplomatic and Consular Bill was taken up, and after a protracted discussion on the right of the President to send back the slaves of the *Echo*, and also on the laws abolishing the slave-trade, in which Messrs. Crawford, Stewart, Moore, Millson, Case, Keitt, Bonham, Seward, Barksdale, Burnett, Singleton, Hughes, Gartrell, Cochrane, Groesbeck, Nichols, Clay, Miles, Gooch, and Branch took part; the clause appropriating $75,000 to enable the President to carry out his contract with the Colonization Society was stricken out in committee.

On Thursday, 27th, in the Senate, various reports were made and acted upon. Information was called for respecting the Atrato Ship Canal, and Colonel Wright's campaign in Oregon. The Pacific Railroad Bill was then taken up, and Senator Doolittle moved that the Secretary of the Interior be authorized to advertise for proposals for building the road on the three routes, Northern, Central, and Southern, and that $3000 be appropriated for the expense thereof. This, after discussion by Senators Douglas, Hale, Mason, Trumbull, Fessenden, Cameron, Pugh, Hamlin, Houston, and Ward, was adopted; and, on motion of Senator Simmons, the rest of the bill was killed, by a vote of 38 to 20. Remarks were made on the death of the measure by Senators Gwin, Douglas, Trumbull, Broderick, and Seward. ——In the House, the amendment to the Consular and Diplomatic Bill, which was adopted in Committee, limiting the number of foreign ministers, was lost. The motions reducing and striking out the appropriation of $75,000 for the return of the *Echo's* Africans were lost. The bill was then put to the vote, and lost by 99 to 88. After discussion by Messrs. Letcher, Nichols, Stanton, Phelps, and others, the vote was reconsidered. Motions to strike out the missions to Austria, Rome, Switzerland, and Buenos Ayres were lost. A motion to strike out the mission to Persia was carried. The bill was again put to the vote, and again lost by 94 to 91. A personal explanation between Mr. Hughes and the Speaker closed the proceedings of the day.

On Friday, 28th, in the Senate, Senator Gwin gave notice of a motion to reconsider the Pacific Railroad Bill. Senator Seward presented a memorial for $250,000 worth of fortifications for New York. The credentials of Senator Bingham, of Michigan, were presented. Senator Davis introduced a resolution to transfer certain articles from the free list to the taxed schedules; referred.——In the House, Mr. Phelps inquired of the Secretary of the Treasury whether the next year's income of the country would balance the expenses? Mr. Stephens introduced bills for the organization of Dacotah, Arizona, and Jefferson. Mr. Grow gave notice that he would move an amendment that slavery should never exist in Arizona. The House reconsidered yesterday's vote on the Diplomatic and Consular Bill, and passed it by 101 to 98. Various reports were received.

On Saturday, 29th, in the Senate, Mr. Gwin tried to get a reconsideration of the vote by which the Pacific Railroad Bill was killed, but his motion was postponed until Monday. Affairs of the District of Columbia occupied nearly all of the session.——In the House, private bills were the order of the day. Mr. Houston asked leave to bring in a bill authorizing a loan of $15,000,000. Leave was also asked to report a bill so revising the Tariff as to make the revenue adequate to the expenses of the Government, economically administered, and discriminating in favor of American products, and substituting specific for ad valorem duties. In both instances objections were made.

MR. PHELPS'S TARIFF BILL.

The Reporter for the Associated Press telegraphs: "The tariff bill of Mr. Phelps, of Missouri, fully meets the views of Secretary Cobb, who believes it will yield more revenue and be less protective than the tariff of 1857. Statements have been made by certain parties, on which newspaper paragraphs have been predicated, that no increase of duties is necessary; but it is ascertained that Secretary Cobb thinks otherwise, and so does the President. It is intimated that the rates in Mr. Phelps's bill would have increased the revenues on past years' importations about six and a half millions of dollars. The reply of the Secretary of the Treasury to the inquiry made of him by the House will doubtless be that the receipts from the Customs and Public Lands for the next fiscal year will not be sufficient to meet the expenses of the Government."

ANOTHER FRACAS IN CONGRESS.

On Thursday the following scene is reported to have occurred in the House of Representatives:

Mr. Giddings, alluding to what had gone before, repeated his previous remarks. He would take no steps in that direction.

The Speaker reminded him of the irrelevancy of the Cuban question at this time.

Mr. Hughes, of Indiana, said if the Speaker had not noticed his objection to the question of Mr. Giddings this matter would not have come before the House.

The Speaker said he did not hear the gentleman.

Mr. Hughes replied that he could not help that.

THE SPEAKER. "I hope the gentleman did not intend to be rude to the Chair."

MR. HUGHES. "No: but if I had I should have only been paying off an old debt."

THE SPEAKER. "If the gentleman has any personal quarrel with the Chair, the House is no place to settle it."

MR. HUGHES. "I know that, and say the same to the Speaker."

This colloquy occasioned considerable sensation.

DEATH OF PRESCOTT THE HISTORIAN.

William H. Prescott, the historian, died on Friday, 28th ult., at Boston, Massachusetts. We understand that he was in his usual health and spirits on the morning of that day. At about half-past 12 o'clock he was suddenly prostrated by the fatal shock. Physicians were powerless, and the announcement was made to his afflicted family that a few hours at utmost would end his earthly career. He passed away at a little after two o'clock in an unconscious state, and early in the afternoon the crape upon the door announced the sad occurrence to such as were aware of his critical position.

BURNING OF A NEGRO AT THE STAKE.

The following account of the burning of a negro at the stake by a mob, for the murder of his master, is given by a correspondent of the Maysville *Eagle*. It took place at Troy, Kentucky.

"On New-Year's Day the annual negro sales took place at Troy, the county seat; and there was quite a collection of people there. Every thing went on smoothly until about three o'clock in the evening, when Mr. James Calaway, a brother-in-law of the deceased, mounted upon an old goods-box before a store door, and addressed the people for about fifteen minutes. He said if the mass of the people felt as he did, and would do their duty, which he believed they would, that they would take the black murderer out of jail and burn him at the stake, in the presence of all the negroes that were there, to set an example before them, and show them what will be the result of all such conduct if there should ever be such again. Then he closed by saying, 'All that feel as I do will follow me!' He then leaped from the stand, and there was a general shout given, and he led the way to the jail, and nine-tenths of the multitude followed. On arriving at the jail they found the sheriff and jailer, who did all they could to suppress the mob, but all to no purpose. They now mustered some eight hundred or one thousand strong. They then commenced with sledge-hammers, crow-bars, and axes, and in about an hour entered the jail, and brought forward their victim (the negro murderer). They marched him to the centre of the jail-yard, drove down a large stake, and chained him in an erect position, hands and feet fast to the stake. There was an abundance of shavings and fine split wood piled around him; this consumed some half hour. During this time the negro talked to the negroes that gathered round him. He told them that he had a good master, and that he was always treated too well, and given too many liberties; and for them to take warning in time, and never do as he had done. Then the torch was applied, and he seemed to be entirely indifferent about it until the flames began to burn as high as his knees. Then he began to twist, and snort, and groan, and in about a minute more he commenced to scream. He gave some of the most hideous screams that I ever heard come from any human being. I could not stand to see any more, and left. When I left the flames were burning as high as his head. I was only a spectator—took no hand, either for or against. I think that there were some fifteen hundred or two thousand people to witness this dreadful scene, and two or three hundred negroes."

DESPERATE FIGHT WITH MEXICANS.

The *Times* Washington correspondent writes:

"Among the parties now in Washington, urging upon Congress the necessity of providing an effective Government for Arizona, and laws which can be made active for the protection of life and property there, is Mr. Silas St. John, formerly of New York, whose desperate fight at Dragoon Springs, in September last, has already received notice from the press. The scene of the encounter is in the Gadsden purchase, 45 miles west of Fort Buchanan. Mr. St. John was the Superintendent of a station of the Overland Mail Company, having with him as assistants three Americans and three Mexicans. The Mexicans planned the murder of all their comrades, in order that they might steal the mules belonging to the line. They made their attack accordingly in the night time, when the Americans were all asleep. One of their victims, James Burr, of Watertown, New York, was instantly killed by a blow with a sledge-hammer, which crushed his skull. Two others, Preston Cunningham and James Laing, were rendered helpless and fatally wounded before they had fairly awakened from sleep.

"Mr. St. John was aroused by the attack upon his comrades, and sprang from his bed in time to meet the onslaught of the three desperadoes, who came at him with axes. A blow from one of them wounded him in the hip. A second assailant struck at him with his axe, severing the bone of his left arm so that it hung by the flesh above. Nothing daunted, St. John knocked the scoundrel down with his fist before he could aim another blow, and then retreated—warding off the blows at the same time—to his bed-side, where he got possession of his gun. The assassins turned to flee, but hearing his gun fall supposed him too weak to use it, and returned to finish their bloody work. St. John still had his revolver, which he leveled quick as thought and fired, his shot taking such effect upon one of the murderers that he soon fell and died. The Mexicans then fled in panic.

"The sufferings of the wounded man, lying alone for several days, far from succor, may be imagined. He refused to give up, however, and kept watch all night, revolver in hand; and a day or two afterward crawled far enough to open the gate of the *corral*, and let the famished mules out to water and grass. Relief came at last; and, *nine days after the fight*, he obtained the assistance of a surgeon, who amputated his wounded limb. Fortunately the wound had not severed the main artery, or the sufferer would have speedily bled to death. A more desperate struggle than this is scarcely to be found in the annals of frontier life. Its hero is an exceedingly modest, quiet, and intelligent young man, twenty-five years of age, of medium height, and stout, compactly-knit frame. He comes to Washington highly recommended, and his representations in regard to the necessities of the distant region in which he has made his home can not fail to make a decided impression on all who interrogate him."

BRADY AND WHITTIER ON BURNS.

At the Burns Festival in New York, James T. Brady, the orator of the day, closed his speech as follows: "A century has passed since his birth—a busy century, full of new and wondrous achievements and events. It has noted many changes, important in themselves and their consequences. What had been deemed imperishable, has passed away; what considered famous, become, in many instances, unknown. Iconoclasts, innovators, reformers, are busy all over the world. Even Russia is breaking the chains of serfdom. What some men call *unrest* is agitating the planet we inhabit. But the light and the power of true and beneficent Genius, such as instructs and pleases man in his peaceful and silent hours—these still abide. The lustre of Burns's fame shines unalterably, even like that of the stars.

"Tacitus and Sallust are renowned as historians; but we can never feel certain that they were not more loyal to their patrons than to veracity. Not so with Burns. The poet is a man of at least three existences: one is a tribute to duty, another to society, the third to inspiration. Lockhart, Wordsworth, Sir Walter Scott, have memorialized Burns in the Old World. American poets have rejoiced to do him justice. One of these presides here to-night, toward whom, as a poet, I may not say what the future would certainly utter; but I claim the privilege of repeating some lines from one usually denominated the 'Quaker Poet,' whom I could not admire if—like the presiding officer of this assemblage—he did not sympathize with human freedom in all its forms and conditions.

"John G. Whittier has adorned his own character, and the hero of this hour, by exclaiming:

"'Let those who never erred, forget
  His worth in vain bewailings;
Sweet soul of song! I own my debt
  Uncanceled by his failings.

"'Lament, who will, the ribald line
  Which tells his lapse from duty—
How kissed the maddening lips of wine,
  Or wanton ones of beauty:

"'But think, while falls that shade between
  The erring one and heaven,
That he who loved like Magdalen,
  Like her may be forgiven.

"'Not his the song whose thund'rous chime
  Eternal echoes render—
The mournful Tuscan's haunted rhyme,
  And Milton's starry splendor!

"'But who his human heart has laid
  To Nature's bosom nearer?
Who sweetened toil like him, or paid
  To love a tribute dearer?

"'Through all his tuneful heart, how strong
  The human feeling gushes!
The very moonlight of his song
  Is warm with smiles and blushes!

"'Give lettered pomp to teeth of Time,
  So *Bonnie Doon* but tarry;
Blot out the Epic's stately rhyme,
  But spare his *Highland Mary!*'"

HOOPS AND UMBRELLAS.

Some of the *Wanderer's* Africans are in Mississippi. The Vicksburg *Sun* says: "We do not think they are valuable, from the fact that we believe no white man would like to oversee a set of such hideous, senseless-looking creatures; besides, it would, in our opinion, be a great deal of trouble to keep them at work. They can ask for tobacco and whisky, and perhaps chew the former and drink the latter, but they can do nothing else. They know nothing about the use of clothing, and would as soon place a pair of pants on their shoulders as their legs. One of them has formed a great fancy for umbrellas, and when a couple of young ladies approached him, dressed in the present extensive fashion, he flung down his hoe, and pursued one of them with all possible speed, and as he came near her he vigorously grabbed at the skirt of her dress, but before he succeeded in getting hold of it, one of the attachés of the Mississippi Central Railroad succeeded in knocking him down. Mr. Montague then took him in charge, and asked him in his own gibberish what he pursued the lady for, when he replied that she had an umbrella under her dress, and he wanted it."

HUNG ON A FENCE.

A young man of estimable character and fine talent, named John Hart, came to his death on L Street, between Fourth and Fifth, in a most distressing manner, by getting accidentally hung on the palings of a fence. It seemed, from what we could learn of the circumstances, that young Hart, who is the son of a very estimable gentleman (formerly connected with the Charleston, South Carolina, papers), came to his boarding-house at a late hour and attempted to climb over the palings of the front yard, and in doing so his foot apparently slipped, and he was caught by the neck in such a manner as to strangle him to death. A faithful dog, which was with his master, had endeavored, with all his power, to relieve him from the peril, and in doing so tore the clothes entirely off from young Hart in his efforts to pull him down. When found this morning the body was stiff and cold, and the clothes, torn in shreds by the dog, lay scattered about, the faithful animal keeping guard over the dead body of his master.

SHE WOULD BE MARRIED.

The Buffalo *Republic* says; "One of our Justices of the Peace was called yesterday afternoon, to go to a German house in the city and marry a couple. Putting on a clean collar and putting a marriage certificate in his pocket, he started for the festive scene. Arrived at the house under the direction of a blue-legged little boy, who pointed out the place, he knocked and went in. In the middle of the floor stood a stout German girl, sorry and plump, her blue eyes rolling out tears as large as butter pats. 'What's the matter?' said the sympathetic Justice. 'Matter!' said the girl; 'dat Gotleib wend off, and wouldn't marry me, aint it?' The Justice said he supposed it was, and intimated that he had come to marry some one and requested the old lady to bring on the lambs to the sacrifice. Old lady said, 'Dare vos no lambs—Gotleib ish run off and vill not marry my Katarina.' 'Well,' said the Justice, 'Gotleib isn't the only man there is—send for some other man to marry her.' At this Katarina's face brightened up and she ejaculated, 'Yah—dat is goot—send mit Hans.' Hans was sent for, but couldn't come. When her messenger returned, Katarina, determined not to give it up, said, 'Send mit Shoseph.' Shoseph was sent for, but he couldn't be found.

Katarina's heart fell at this news, and the Justice was growing impatient. Just then Katarina looked out of the window and saw a short and thick young German going by, when she rushed to the door and hallooed, 'Fritz—Fritz!' Fritz shortly made his appearance at the door, when Katarina's mother said, 'Fritz, you lofs mine Katarina!' Fritz allowed he did, more as sauer-krout. 'Then stand up here,' thundered the Justice; and before Fritz could realize his position, he was a man and wife, and Katarina's arms were around his neck, and her lips pressed to his, she crying between the calisthenics, 'Mein husband—mein Fritz!' Our duty as a correct historian compels us to say that Fritz hugged back as well as he knew how. The Justice, with head erect, stepped smilingly out, leaving the lovers to themselves, and walked away meditatively, a holy calm stealing all over his massive proportions, the consciousness of having done his duty gleaming in his eye, and honor, honesty, and rectitude in his footstep."

PERSONAL.

The *Times* special dispatch says: "There are abundant rumors afloat to the effect that the President is likely to lead to the Hymeneal altar an accomplished and inestimable widow lady of Georgia. Perhaps this accounts for the especial care and elegance of our bachelor President's dress. It is matter of frequent remark that Mr. Buchanan, in his handsome brown frock-coat, white vest and cravat, and patent-leather pumps, is one of the most elegantly dressed young men in the capital."

Colonel Benton's furniture at Washington is to be sold at auction. His property is estimated to be insufficient to pay his debts.

The Cadiz (Ohio) *Republican* says that Mrs. Burney, of Tippecanoe, Harrison County, Ohio, a highly respectable lady, and a member of the Presbyterian Church, during a peculiar condition of her physical and mental organization, has preached a sermon half an hour long, every other Sunday at ten o'clock, for eighteen years. While preaching she reclines upon a bed. Her instructions are generally excellent, and abound in scriptural quotations; but when she recovers her consciousness she has no recollection whatever of what she has been saying. Several years ago her case excited the attention of several medical gentlemen, who, while they had the utmost confidence in her sincerity, could give no satisfactory explanation of the mystery.

The Springfield *Republican* regrets to report the serious sickness of ex-President Hitchcock, of Amherst College, the eminent geologist. He was attacked, some ten days ago, with the symptoms of lung fever, but on Friday last his disease had assumed a complicated and threatening form, his lungs having badly congested, with pneumonia and some inflammation of the kidneys. There was a consultation of physicians upon his case on Friday evening, and much anxiety was felt as to the termination of the illness.

The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Patriot* relates the following anecdote of Senator Chesnut's wife, which furnishes a happy instance of a graceful recognition. Fifteen years ago, Major H——, who was a fellow-passenger with Mr. Chesnut and his wife on a homeward-bound European packet, began the recital of a story to them, in which he was interrupted, and, no opportunity occurring for its conclusion before the termination of their passage, the voyagers became separated at New York, and remained so until a day or two ago, when the Major waited upon his former acquaintances to welcome them to Washington. The first greetings over, Mrs. Chesnut, with a smile of pleasant expectation, said: "*Now*, Major H——, pray relate us the remainder of that story."

A letter from Rome, of the 5th inst., says the American Minister, Mr. Stockton, had the veto of the police put upon his ball at the Simonetti Palace, on account of the floors being pronounced unsafe. This is a very common thing for the authorities to do in that city of ancient houses, on the complaint of apprehensive tenants occupying the flat beneath the proposed scene of dancing festivities.

The *Independance Belge* announces the marriage in Brussels, at the United States Legation, on the 5th inst., of Miss Strother, daughter of the late Hon. G. F. Strother, formerly member of Congress, with the Baron Philip Fahnenberg de Burgheim. After the ceremony, a wedding breakfast united around the table of the American Minister some twenty persons, the friends of both families.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE CASE OF THE PHENIX CLUB.

THE Dublin correspondent of the London *Times* says that the Crown case against some of the members of the Phenix Club is more complete than the public have been led to believe, and sufficient to satisfy the most hostile Jury. The farming classes have stood aloof, and the members of the Clubs are chiefly shopmen and mechanics. The Clubs were rapidly increasing, and it therefore was necessary that some steps should be taken to put an end to the movement.

A WEDDING RING ROUND A RAT'S NECK.

The *Scotsman* newspaper relates the following curious case of the recovery of a lost marriage ring: "About the end of July or the beginning of August last, a woman named Catharine Ferguson, the wife of a miner named M'Lean, at Clifton, near the head of Loch Lomond, lost her marriage-ring while engaged in putting in or building peats, and, notwithstanding that every search was made for it at the time, it could not be found. About a fortnight ago the cat brought a rat into the house, and around the neck of the rat was the missing marriage-ring. It is supposed, as rats are known to carry off coins or pieces of silver or gold, that the ring had been taken to the rat's nest, where it had gone over the neck of one of the young ones, and remained there until the animal had advanced in growth, and, curiously enough, been captured by the cat. Mrs. M'Lean, who had been about a year married, was no less rejoiced in getting possession again of her lost ring than surprised at the very singular way in which it was recovered."

FRANCE.

ARMY MOVEMENTS.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* says that the French Marshals are charged to take command of the great military districts, and that the Generals commanding military divisions, who were on leave of absence, have received orders to return to their posts. He also says that Count Walewski has protested energetically against the ominous impression that appears to rule supreme, and that he had, it was said, determined on retiring from a scene where moderation was no longer listened to. Among the authenticated rumors from Paris are the following: that orders have been given to prepare over 100 transports; that General M'Mahon is to command the army of Italy, and that 30,000 of the African contingent are to cross over to Italy from the African coast.

HOW UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE WORKS AT PARIS.

A correspondent of the *Express* writes: "I have been studying in this Paris now for some weeks, into the operations of universal suffrage, and comparing it, in my own mind, with universal suffrage in the city of New York, and I am bewitched with it here, whether I am or am not at home. Every body votes here—that is, every *man* body of age—and why the women vote not I don't exactly see, as here, undoubtedly, the women are in all respects the better, that is, the most efficient halves. The voting is beyond all question fair—beyond all question, I say, for I have not seen a Frenchman of any sect or creed who doubts the equity of the registry of the voters, or the fairness of the count. Indeed, cheating under the French system of voting is next to impossible. Now in New York we certainly are all doubters. But very few of us believe in the fairness of the count in many of the Wards, and none of us doubt our capacity to vote from one to fifty times, election day, unharmed by the 'law,' if we only tried. Indeed, if the Legislature would but free all from the 'law,' and put all upon an equal footing, election day, without any of the law's restraints, Saint Jonathan would then be properly at fault if he voted but once, or allowed any Saint Patrick to vote forty times to that once. The question then would be one only of speed and bottom, and Saint Jonathan is upon a par with any body at that. Not so, however, here in France. It is impossible to vote more than once—while every Frenchman votes, or can vote, poor or rich, soldier or general, clown or king, and the security is universal—that the ballot box is honest, and thus that there is an honest count.

WHAT FRENCH EQUALITY MEANS.

"Hence, at the start, I am bewitched with universal suffrage in France, and only the more bewitched the more I study into its operation upon the people, upon property, upon commerce and trade. Nevertheless I am puzzled, as only '*Liberté*' exists—no '*Egalité*,' no '*Fraternité*.' The little baby three years old 'Prince,' there on the Champs Elysée, with half a dozen outriders in advance, a company of horse in escort, and every body staring, or bowing, or cringing, belies all *Egalité*, all *Fraternité!* The grand show of magnificent equipages out there New-Year's Day, 'gold lace, and scarlet liveries, postillions,' etc., etc., belie them also. There is no *Egalité* there except on paper, no *Fraternité* any where, and yet there is the *Liberté* for every body to vote on election day, and to make or unmake this Emperor-Government, this *Inequality*, this *Un-fraternity!* I am puzzled, therefore, in the contradictions of such a Government. There is a considerable liberty of debate allowed in the Legislative body; but the newspapers are allowed no report of the discussion. The Government has a 'commission' of reporters, but they report only what they please in the *Moniteur*, and the other journals, not even the Opposition will copy, and yet there is universal suffrage! Nevertheless, it can not be denied there underlie in the very strata of the Government strong ideas and sentiments of real Liberty, of real Equality, the existence of which, under the law, is now unquestionable; for the whole social structure of the people shows it—their habits, their associations, their look, their air, their manner, their manly port and bearing. A mere outside observer, upon only crossing the Channel, would say, 'the slaves are in London, not in Paris,' though John Bull has the glorious privilege of grumbling—a privilege allowed no Frenchman, save as conspirator, or in the secret recesses of his chamber.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE PARIS SEASON.

Paris has not yet assumed that gayety for which in the winter it is renowned. Under the last two kings it was the fashion for people of rank to come to town at the end of autumn, but now the English custom of keeping away to January or February is imitated. The French Parliaments used, too, to be called together in November or December; now they never meet before January or February. The Emperor and Empress intend to open the gay season by a grand ball at the Tuileries on the 8th, and their example is to be followed in due order by all the great dignitaries of state, and even by the senators, his Majesty having caused them to be told that *he expects* the large salaries they receive to be not hoarded but spent to encourage trade. The British embassadress, Lady Cowley, is also about to give a ball.

SINGULAR SCENE IN A CHURCH.

At the Madeleine, on Christmas eve, a curious scene occurred. The well-known Abbé Bautain preached in the evening, and as he is one of the most eloquent pulpit orators, as well as one of the most learned theologians of France, a very large congregation assembled to hear him. Ascending the pulpit, he gave forth no text, but after a pause cried in a sonorous voice, "A Saviour is born unto us!" He then repeated the cry, and then said, "My brethren, why do you not receive that glad tidings with a Hallelujah?" Thereupon the whole congregation stood up and cried, "Hallelujah!" After which he proceeded to deliver his sermon.

A STORY OF A PRINCE AND HIS CHOCOLATE DROPS.

"Prince K—— is a good-natured, easy-tempered Russian boyard, as rich as Crœsus, and known by sight to every lounger on the Boulevart des Italiens, between the fashionable hours of three and five in the afternoon. Our Russian lives in Paris, because it is the place of all others in the world where idle people can amuse themselves, kill time, and spend money. Prince K—— is also perfectly disposed to follow Parisian tastes; and, as one of these is to be in love with some popular actress, the wealthy Muscovite dropped in one night in December at the *Variétés*, where they were then playing a fairy drama, and quietly singled out the prettiest of the fairies as the object of his adoration. The lady did not oppose very violently the attentions of so advantageous an admirer; and matters were going along breezily between Plutus and Thalia, when New Year came. The Prince naturally considered this a favorable occasion to testify delicately his high appreciation of the fair one's shining qualities, and sent her a trifling present, accompanied by his card. The gift was an elegant little rose-wood box, of which the key was inclosed in a letter, containing also a few lines in the Prince's own handwriting. The lady hastily opened the letter, never read a syllable of its contents, seized the key and unlocked the box. What did she find? Nothing in the world but a number of *papillottes*, or 'secrets,' as we call them, made of chocolate. (That odious rubbish again!) Disappointed and enraged, she pitched the whole concern, box, letter and all, out at the window, whence they fell upon the roof of a shed in the yard beneath, where all lodged, with the exception of one bit of paper-candy, which rolled off the shed into a corner of the yard. Then the fair one threw herself upon the sofa, in a frame of mind easier to be imagined than described.

HOW THE LADY FOUND OUT HER MISTAKE.

"This happened in the morning. The same evening the enamored Prince presented himself below and sent up his card. For a moment the still furious damsel was inclined to intrust the servant with a curt message to her admirer, and let the affair pass thus. But upon second thoughts, determining to administer the rebuke personally, the unfortunate and unsuspecting Lothario was invited to walk up stairs. He was received with a scowl of which he had hitherto supposed the 'fairy' utterly incapable. Then came a torrent of sarcasm, for which he was still less prepared. What could be the meaning of this extraordinary and discouraging reception? As soon as the flow of the lady's indignation would permit the mystified Russian demanded an explanation; and after persisting for half an hour or more in repeating the same question, finally obtained an intelligible reply.

"'Do you know, madam,' said he, quietly, 'how many there were of these frightful papillottes?'

"'Have *you*, Sir, the presumption to suppose,' retorted the lady, 'that I gave myself the trouble to count your paltry bits of chocolate?'

"'It would have been as well, however, to have done so before throwing them out of the window.'

"'And why, pray?' (A sneer.)

"'Because there were thirty of them.'

"'Which cost thirty sous altogether, I suppose?' (Another sneer.)

"'You would have found, upon very slight examination,' continued the Russian, still more tranquilly, 'that the thirty bits of chocolate were wrapped in thirty notes of a thousand francs each!'

"The lady at last understood—and fainted a little. The boyard readily brought her to by holding his pocket-book under her nose. The bell was rung instantly—a servant sent below, who, by the aid of a ladder, mounted upon the roof where the despised papillottes had fallen. They were all found, with the exception of the one which had rolled off; and that, too, after some further search, was finally discovered. The porter's dog had turned it over with his nose, found out its chocolative character, and disdained to swallow it. Sensible brute! Had the thing been made of simple sugar, the mouthful would have cost a thousand francs!"

PRUSSIA.

THE SPEECH OF THE REGENT.

The Prince Regent opened the Chambers on the 12th. The speech opened with a lament for the King's protracted sufferings, and an appeal to the Chambers to support the Regent. The general condition of the country is pronounced satisfactory. The budget shows the finances in a favorable state and sufficient for the expenditures. Increased outlay is asked for the maintenance of the royal dignity, for the augmentation of the army force, and for the support of the navy, which is reported to be in a flourishing condition. The peaceful relations of Prussia toward foreign countries continue, and all her friendly connections with the great powers remain undisturbed.

The efforts of the Government always, in concert with the other German Federal powers, have been directed toward obtaining for the German Duchies, which are under the Danish sceptre, the full exercise of those rights to which the federal law and treaties between the German Diet and Denmark gave them founded claims. The speech concluded with a patriotic appeal to the Deputies.

ITALY.

SPEECH OF THE KING OF SARDINIA.

At latest dates from Europe, disquieting rumors continued to prevail on the Continent. Matters were aggravated by the speech of the King of Sardinia at the opening of the Chambers, which was construed into a warlike sense. The King says: "The political horizon is not clear, but the future must be awaited with firmness; the future can not fail to be fortunate, because the policy of the Government is based on justice, and a love of its country's liberty." Piedmont is small, but great in the councils of Europe on account of the principles it represents and the sympathies it inspires. It respects treaties, and is not insensible to Italy's cry of anguish. The King concluded with these words: "Let us resolutely await the decrees of Providence." Prolonged acclamations followed the conclusion of the speech.

MARRIAGE OF PRINCE NAPOLEON WITH A SARDINIAN PRINCESS.

Prince Napoleon left Paris on the 13th ultimo for Turin to espouse the Princess Clotilde, daughter of the King of Sardinia. The news of the alliance of Prince Napoleon with the Sardinian princess produced great excitement among the Italians, who regard it as a pledge of the united action of France and Sardinia in the affairs of Italy. It was expected that Prince Napoleon's presence at Genoa and Turin would lead to demonstrations of an unmistakable character.

FEELING AMONG THE ITALIANS.

The rumors of disaffection continue unabated. Many persons were leaving Milan every morning. The Police had to efface from the walls of houses such inscriptions as "Death to the Germans!" The troops quartered at Milan are exceedingly excited, and very strict discipline is necessary to prevent excesses. The Piedmontese Chamber of Deputies had elected its officers from the ranks of the Liberal party, Signor Radzze being chosen President of the Chambers.

The official Piedmontese *Gazette* publishes the following note: "The official *Gazette* of Vienna having announced the dispatch of reinforcements to Italy, the Piedmontese Government has thought it its duty to bring the distant garrisons near to the frontiers of Lombardy, without, however, calling out the contingent."

AUSTRIAN PREPARATIONS FOR DEFENSE.

No fewer than ten thousand men were sent by railway from Vienna on the 8th, and by Wednesday seventeen thousand more, including cavalry, were on their way to Italy. Eight batteries, with one hundred horses to each, were sent off on Monday. Three steamers with troops had arrived at Venice. The advance guard of the Austrian reinforcements entered Milan on the 10th inst. under General Ranning. The Archduke Maximilian had quitted Milan, and General Gyulai, the Military Governor, commanded in his absence. Additional guns had been mounted on the citadel of Milan, all pointed against the city.

MALTA.

PRINCE ALFRED ON HIS TRAVELS.

The *Times* correspondent writes: "On Monday the authorities of Malta went to very great trouble and expense in illuminating every government building on the Prince honoring the merchants with his company at a ball, which has been the gayest affair of any during his visit. The chief feature of the illumination was the Custom-house, at which the Prince landed. It was one blaze of light from that building to the Calcara Gate. Guards of honor received him there; and on his landing Bengal lights were arranged to form the word 'Welcome,' and in front was a very brilliant eagle. The landing-place was lined with carpets and flowers, and decorated overhead with banners and flags. The whole was arranged by the Hon. Captain Hoseason, and did him infinite credit. The Queen herself could not have received greater honors than Prince Alfred has received during his visit at Malta. He has occasionally had to do duty, such as taking command of a boat, or going to the flag-ship to copy orders, to show that he is a naval cadet, which uniform he always wears. He has, in company with Major Cowell or some other officer, paraded the town and made some purchases in the shops. He is very observant, and at one of the balls he caused some amusement. A young English beauty, a visitor at Malta, who is accused of being a sad flirt, dropped her card of dances, which the Prince picked up, and smiled on seeing that dance No. 1 was filled up with the name of a gay military gallant, and the six following dances with the same name."

TURKEY.

THE SULTAN BESET BY HIS CREDITORS.

A Constantinople letter of the 18th December, in the *Nouvelliste* of Marseilles, says: "A demonstration took place, a few days ago, on the part of the persons who supply the palace, and whose accounts still remain unpaid. The Sultan was on his way from Top Hané, where he had breakfasted, to the palace of Dolma Baktché, when he was met by an assemblage of nearly three hundred of his creditors, who crowded round the imperial cortége, calling for justice. The first movement of the Sultan, at finding himself surrounded by this crowd, who were uttering loud cries, was to lay hold of the hilt of his sabre; but soon discovering the pacific character of the demonstration, he ordered that three of the creditors should be delegated to call on Haki Bey, who should that very evening receive the necessary orders on the subject of the claims. The following day three of the principal creditors waited on Haki Bey, who sent them to Rizza Pacha, the president of the commission formed for the settlement of the accounts of the civil list, but which has only held one or two sittings, for form's sake. Rizza assured them that all their accounts should be paid, but that at present funds were wanting. Meantime many of these unfortunate men, who are pressed by their own creditors, have been obliged to suspend payment, and several of them have been completely ruined. A similar demonstration was made, two days after, by the workmen of the imperial buildings."

MORE SIGNS OF DECAY.

The *Times* correspondent at Constantinople asserts that the Sultan "enjoys all the pleasures of unlimited power" to a greater extent than any of his forefathers. It is said that "even under the most powerful of his predecessors certain time-honored interests, old laws and customs, influential classes and individuals, acted as a control on the power of the sovereign; and, even if the boldest of the sultans dared now and then to brave this control, he had to do so at his own risk, and often to pay for such boldness with his life. Centralization had done away with all these obstacles to unlimited sovereign power, by absorbing gradually all provincial independence and class interests in a bureaucratic hierarchy entirely at the mercy of the sovereign." All these limitations have been withdrawn. Except when a French or an English embassador grows fastidious and angry over some intrigue or act of extravagance in the harem, the sublime monarch is a most thorough autocrat. And although he may be disappointed or dragooned for a little while, he will in the long run defeat those who coerce him. We have, it is true, lately seen him compelled to discharge his numerous sons-in-law, and lecture his multitudinous wives and concubines on the virtue of thrift and the importance of short credits. But the strong-minded slave ladies soon got the upper hand of their master, and laughed at his economical minister's decree. We also find that, one after another, the sons-in-law have been restored to their old situations.

SERVIA.

HOW PRINCE ALEXANDER WAS ASKED TO RESIGN.

According to metropolitan newspaper correspondence, the Skuptchina did not behave very politely to Prince Alexander when they asked him to resign. A deputation was appointed to wait upon the Prince, and the orator of the party addressed the Hospodar in the following terms: "Sir," said the deputy, "the nation is fully convinced that thou hast neither the means nor the wish to render Servia happy. She prays thee, therefore, through our mouth, to renounce thy dignity, and she permits thee to remain in the country in possession of thy full liberty, so that not a hair shall be touched on thy head or the heads of thy family. The nation expects thy abdication; abdicate without hesitation, and thus show thy patriotism." The grand functionary to whom this extraordinary language was addressed, replied that he was quite ready to resign. His wife and relatives, however, afterward compelled him to revoke the promise, and he was obliged to take refuge in the Turkish fortress in Belgrade.

HOW THE PRINCE BEAT HIS WIFE.

Another writer says: "It would seem that the scene which ensued when a deputation of the Skuptchina pressed the Prince to abdicate was of a kind unusual in political life, at least in Western Europe. Prince Alexander's wife was present, and violently reproached her husband for his weakness, declaring that 'she would rather be cut to pieces than abdicate.' What subsequently passed in the presence of the deputation is thus described by the Belgrade correspondent of the Augsburg *Gazette*: 'After the Princess had raved for some time, her husband lost patience; and, taking her by the shoulders, he pushed her into an adjoining room. Hardly, however, had the interrupted conversation been removed by the spokesman of the deputation, when the lady reappeared, and discharged a volley of invectives at the representatives of the nation. The Hospodar again conducted his wife to the door, and dismissed her with a few sound cuffs.'"

INDIA.

SENTENCE ON THE KING OF DELHI.

At latest dates the Nawab of Banda had surrendered to the British. The sentence of transportation on the ex-King of Delhi had been carried into effect, and the steamship *Niagara* had conveyed him to the Cape of Good Hope, which is to be his destination. The dispersion of the rebels continued, but without any decisive blow being struck.

SIAM.

A STATE DINNER AT BANGKOK.

A correspondent of the London *Times* thus describes a dinner given by the British consul to the nobility and officials of Siam: "The illustrious company sit down to dinner, and an excellent dinner it is, for, thanks to the skill of our preservers and the activity of our purveyors, no one who has the means to afford them need now be without all the luxuries of an English and French bill of fare. Turtle soup and salmon, hare and current jelly, peas and beans, damson tart and Stilton cheese, with many other less familiar but higher sounding viands, relieve the invariable staple of a Bangkok dinner—fowls and ducks; even these to-day make their appearance in a new guise, plumped with English stuffing, savory with French mushrooms. Madras supplies the most appetizing of curry stuffs, and Bombay sends the ducks (a kind of dried fish) to eat with it; California contributes the potatoes, and Australia the flour; France, Spain, Germany, and Portugal each send of their best wine; the West Indies furnish the curaçoa; there are dates from Egypt and almonds from Persia, coffee from Ceylon and tea from China; scarcely a country in the world but helps to that dinner, except, thanks be to Heaven! the Cape of Good Hope had bad liquor. The guests taste curiously all that is set before them; but, to their host's mortification, they only taste, for, like all good Siamese, they dined at mid-day, three hours since, and now, as they quaintly confess, are 'full.' The soup is just sipped, the salmon pulled to pieces with a fork, the hare gives occasion for a rude remark on the exquisite dinners M. de Montigny, negotiator of the French treaty, who brought a train of cooks in his suite, had given them, to which dinners, it is to be presumed, they went without first spoiling their appetites; and on prawns being put on table with the cheese, they express themselves astonished at the vulgarity—prawns, indeed, of which any slave can catch as many as he likes by dropping a line and bent pin into the river!

WHAT AND HOW THEY DRINK.

"They drink a little of the sherry, the wine will not tempt, and the claret is rejected, but they do not conceal their high appreciation of the curaçoa. The Prince wishes to take wine with the gentleman next him, whose attention is called to the fact by a vigorous poke in the ribs; he turns round, his noble friend is grinning expressively and tapping his wine-glass; two glasses are quickly filled, two heads are gravely inclined, two glasses are emptied, and the interesting rite is over. A minute more, and the Praklang follows the example of his royal highness; another poke, another draught, and he may sit at ease; he has but two neighbors, and his ribs may rest for that evening. The Prince and Praklang continue drinking with all round the table, attracting attention, where their arms will not reach, by a series of horrid grunts and quick repetitions of his name whom they wish to honor.

DESSERT AND CIGARS.

"Dinner is over, the cloth is off, and the table glows with purple mangosteens and pink-blushing mangoes, golden pines, and heaps of scarlet rambutan. The sweetest preserves are swimming in bowls of rich cut glass. Lovely flowers of exquisite odor spring from silver vases; the choicest painted china and the most sparkling of glasses surround the luxurious pile; leaving clear only a narrow path, round which the decanters may circle. The prince's son and the prime minister's nephew, who have been sitting on the veranda during dinner, are now invited in; the former, a boy of about eleven, is permitted to take a chair near his father, but, pushed well back, the latter takes a more humble seat on the floor. The cigar bearers crawl in, and all the Siamese, youngsters included, begin to smoke; for a time there is silence, but the cigars are soon finished, and then they attend to the toasts. Their majesties the Kings of Siam have their healths proposed in a curt speech by our excellent consul; but his brevity is nothing to the prince's, who, rising up and calling attention by a grunt, utters in broken syllables, 'Her-Ma-ye—tih Queen Wik-to-erier!' and then gives a second grunt of satisfaction as all loyally respond to it."

MEXICO.

MORE REVOLUTIONS.

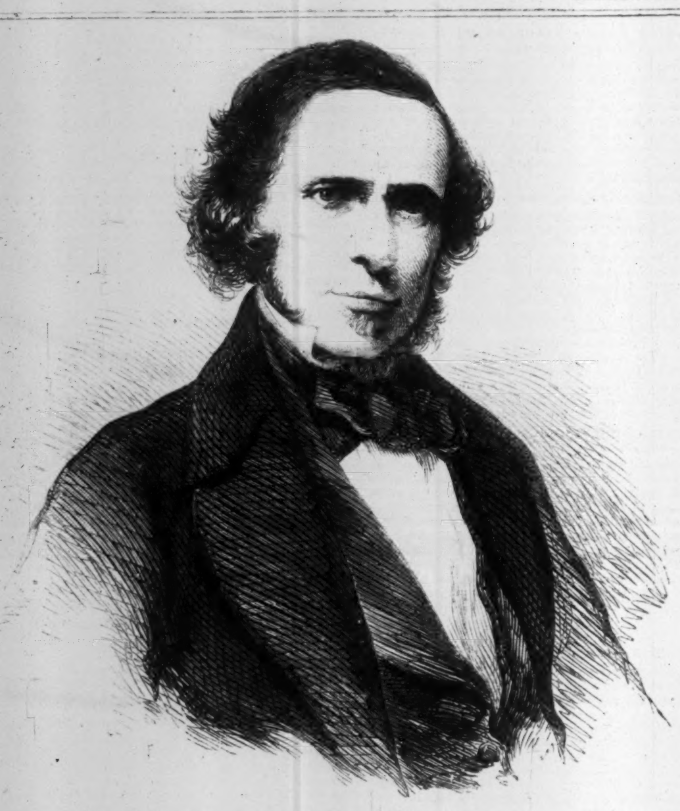
The dates from Mexico City are to the 19th inst. The *Pensiamento*—General Miramon's organ at Guadalajara—states that he will not accept of the presidency, nor favor Robles, but will adhere to the Zuloaga plan. General Miramon was marching on the capital. He had ordered a forced loan of $600,000 at Guadalajara, including foreigners, who paid under a threat of expulsion. The press of the City of Mexico state that the French and English Ministers had notified the Government that, unless a million of dollars was paid to satisfy the claims of French and English subjects within six days, the fleets of those countries would take possession of Vera Cruz and Tampico. The statement was discredited. Miramon declared vehemently against Robles's plan previous to his (Miramon's) election to the Presidency, but has been silent since that event. Robles was still presiding, and was backed by the capitalists and on friendly terms with Miramon. It is said that if Miramon declares for Zuloaga, Robles will join the liberals. The English and French Admirals had made a formal and threatening demand on Juarez for prompt payment of the English Bonds.

PARAGUAY.

LOPEZ PREPARING TO FIGHT.

Advices from Paraguay, through sources unfriendly to the Americans, state that Lopez was actively making preparations for war, in expectation of the failure of negotiations with Mr. Bowlin. A person (name not given) who left Asuncion on November 30, reports that he saw eight or ten thousand troops, in the highest state of discipline, and commanded by French and English officers. He declares also that the fort of Humatta was perfectly mounted with fine artillery, and the garrison was composed of the flower of the army. President Lopez was very loud in expressing his determination not to yield to the demands of the United States. He continually declared in the *Semanario* that he would not pay a penny. The last number of the *Semanario* says:

"The Americans commence by insulting the decency and dignity of this Government, making demands which, in no case whatever, can be acceded to. This Government is required to indemnify a mercantile company with the sum of $900,000, to give satisfaction to the North American flag for the shot fired from the fortress of Itapiru at the war steamer *Water Witch*, and to allow the persons who now demand indemnity to return and reestablish their business in the territory of the Republic. * * * * The Committee of the United States Senate doubtless wish to make Paraguay the laughing-stock of the world. No; a thousand times no. Although we can not promise ourselves the laurels of victory, we can, at least, be assured of the reward which all the world accords to the honorably defeated. It is not powder and shot that destroy a nation, but the opprobrium that falls upon her when she submits dishonorably to humiliating conditions."

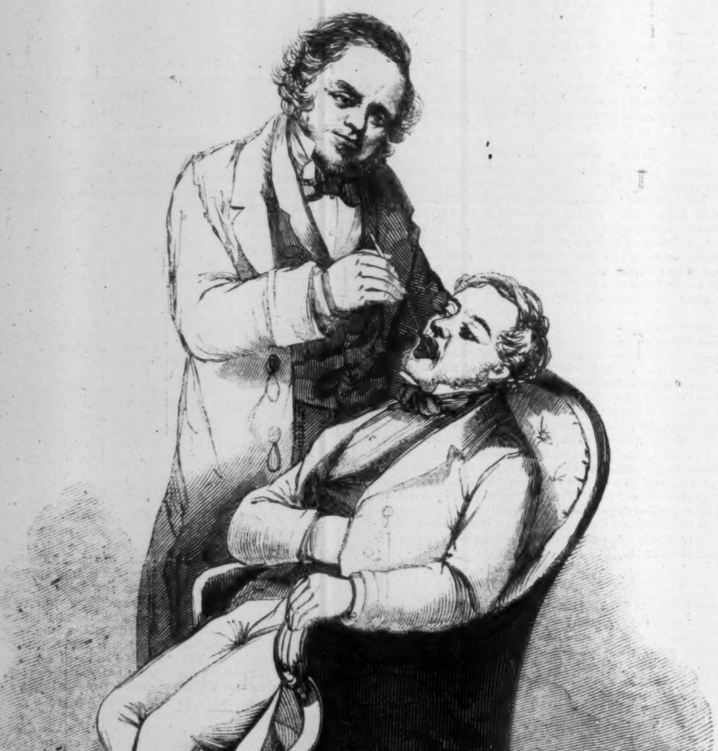


DR. HORACE GREEN.

DR. HORACE GREEN AND HIS METHOD.

THE excitement which has been caused by the circumstances attending the death of the late S. S. Whitney, and the vital importance of shedding the utmost possible light on the subject of throat and lung disease and the various methods employed to cure them, have prompted us to lay before our subscribers a portrait of Dr. Horace Green of this city, and some illustrations of his *modus operandi* and his instruments. Of the Doctor himself we may say briefly here that he is a native of this country, and about fifty-seven years of age. He began practice in Vermont, removed from there to Pennsylvania, and finally settled in New York; he adopted, as his specialty, the treatment of lung and throat diseases, and became so eminent in that branch that his practice is said to be the most lucrative in the city; in 1850 he helped to start, and became the President of, the New York Medical College. His method of treating throat and lung diseases is chiefly local—namely, with the knife, the scissors, and the cautery. With the scissors engraved herewith he snips off the palate; the nippers and surgeon's knife are used, in like manner, for the excision of the tonsils and diseased parts of the interior of the throat. When the disease springs from ulceration which can not or ought not to be treated with the knife, Dr. Green cauterizes with a solution of nitrate of silver on a sponge, which sponge is placed at the end of a long, slender rod of whalebone, called a probang. The probang is lowered into the throat, as in the illustration herewith given, and the ulcerated parts gently washed with the solution. Occasionally a hollow flexible gutta percha tube is introduced, and through this tube a solution of nitrate of silver injected into the lungs, with a view to cauterize ulcers or sores there. Of course it is neither our province nor our purpose to make any remark upon Dr. Green's treatment either for throat or bronchial affections, or actual tubercular disease; its merits and demerits must be left to the decision of experience; we merely make the above brief explanations in order that our lay readers may understand the use of the instruments. The accompanying diagrams of the throat, lungs, and adjacent parts will enable the attentive reader to understand thoroughly the processes of Dr. Green, and the case of Mr. Whitney.

To come to the melancholy event which has attracted so much attention to Dr. Green's method: On 25th October last, Mr. S. S. Whitney, of this city, a patient of Dr. Beales, consulted Dr. Green for, as he believed, disease of the throat. Dr. Green pursued the usual course: removed part of the tonsil, cauterized the pharynx, epiglottis, and other parts, and injected a solution of nitrate of silver into the lungs. On 14th December Mr. Whitney sent for his old physician, Dr. Beales, and stated to him that Dr. Green had killed him. Dr. Beales and Dr. Valentine Mott treated Mr. Whitney for a week, at the end of which he died. An autopsy was made of his body by Drs. Mott and Beales, without notification to Dr. Green; and it was discovered that the patient had died of an abscess in the larynx. With the professional questions raised in the case the public have very little concern; the practical point at issue is, was Mr. Whitney's death produced by Dr. Green's injections into his throat and lungs; or did he die of an abscess, which Drs. Beales and Mott failed to diagnose? This question was taken up by the Academy on Wednesday, 23d, and statements made by the medical men concerned. We give them in order:



THE INTRODUCTION OF THE PROBANG.

DR. GREEN'S STATEMENT.

On the 25th of October, 1858, Mr. S. S. Whitney called on me, and requested to place himself under my care, for medical treatment. His health, as he stated, had been bad during several years, and for a twelvemonth past he had more or less cough, which cough had increased considerably of late. It was quite severe by spells, he said, and was attended with slight hemorrhage, which, *he believed*, came from his throat. His face was pale and thin, and his general appearance was indicative of a phthisical condition of the system. I examined his chest by auscultation, in the presence of Dr. Richards, who, as is usual in the cases I examine, made a note, at the time, of the physical signs observed. I take from this record: "Chest thin; a little depression is observed on the left thoracic wall, with less expansion on this side; percussion gives a flat sound over all the upper portion of the left lung; slightly dull on the right side." On applying the ear to the chest, a distinct *humid râle* or "*click*" was heard below the left clavicle in both inspiration and expiration—which, when accompanying the above signs, is positively indicative, in my experience, of the presence of tubercular softening. His throat appeared granulated and inflamed; the left tonsil was slightly enlarged and ulcerated; the epiglottis was thickened, and its border whitened with a line of erosions.

TREATMENT.—The enlarged and ulcerated portion of the left tonsil was removed, the pharynx, the subtonsillary fossæ, and the border of the eroded epiglottis were cauterized. A drachm of the following alterative mixture was advised night and morning:

℞	Iodid. Potassæ	2 drachms.
	Protiodid. Hydrarg.	2 grains.
	Tinct. Rhei	1 ounce.
	Syr. Sarsæ. Co.	3 ounces.

This alterative was continued by Mr. W. during the three following weeks.

Oct. 26.—Applications of a solution of nitrate of silver were again made to the fossæ, epiglottis, and into the glottis.

Oct. 27.—The same treatment was continued. After this I saw nothing more of Mr. Whitney until the 9th of November, when he returned and requested to have the treatment continued. At this visit, and again on the 18th, cauterizations of the glottis and larynx were employed. I now spoke to him of the necessity of giving more attention to his case if he expected to be benefited by the treatment. He named some cause for his long absence, and promised to be regular in his calls thereafter. The soreness of his throat had disappeared, and his cough was less for a time, but latterly it had increased again. He expressed much anxiety about his lungs, and at this visit it was proposed to employ the tube and injections into the left bronchus as soon as the parts were prepared for this operation. For this purpose the topical applications were continued to the opening of the glottis, and into the larynx. It was, I believe, at a subsequent visit on the 20th, that I made another careful examination of his lungs. Unequivocal signs of a cavity in the superior portion of the left lung were now observed; for in addition to humid râles in this location, the respiratory sound was distinctly cavernous.

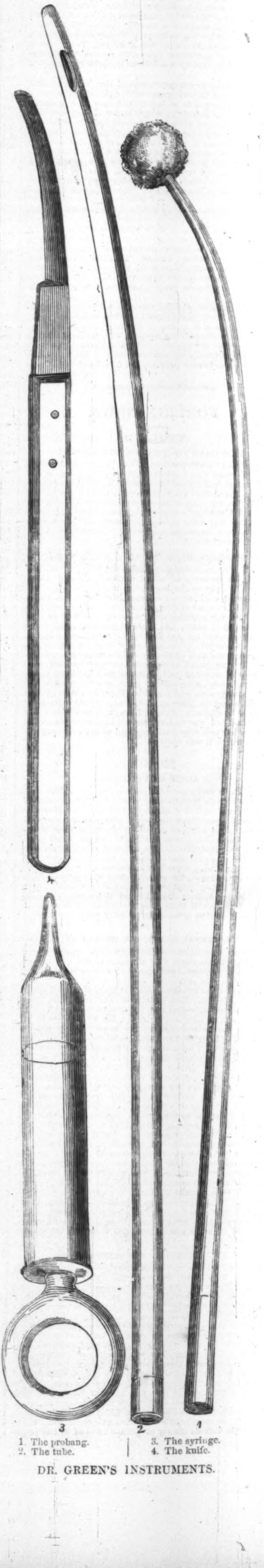
A prescription for the following remedy was given to the patient:

℞	Manganesii Phos.	2 drachms.
	Tr. Cinchonæ	3 ounces.
	Syr. Sarsæ	4 ounces.
	Mucil. Acaciæ	1 ounce.
	Ol. Gaultheriæ	20 drops.

With directions that a drachm should be taken twice daily.

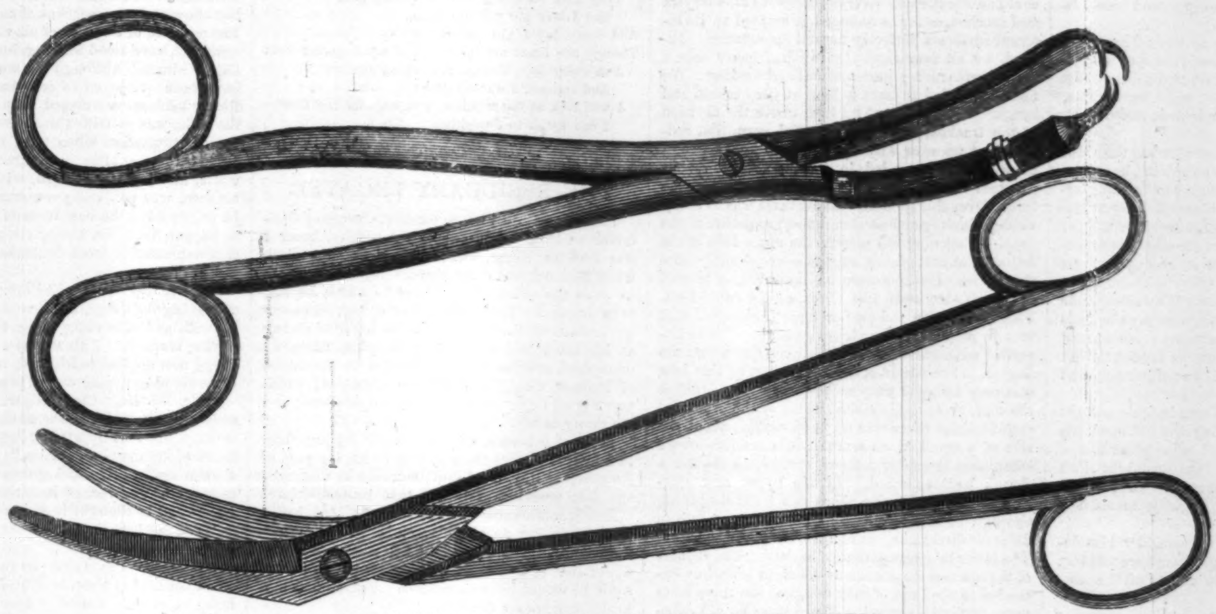
Dec. 4.—Another interruption of two weeks occurred, when Mr. W. returned, and the sponge probang was again passed into the larynx.

Dec. 6.—It had been my intention for several weeks to employ tubage of the larynx in this case, as soon as the normal sensibility at the opening of the glottis was sufficiently overcome to allow the introduction of the instrument. But the patient's visits had occurred at such long intervals that I found the parts were not properly prepared. But as Mr. W. had several times expressed a desire to have it used, I resolved on the 6th to make the attempt. The tube was therefore introduced, and a drachm of the nitrate of silver solution, of the strength of fifteen grains to the ounce, was injected into the left bronchus. No irritation whatever followed this operation. The patient's next call was on the 9th of December. At this visit he expressed much satisfaction with the effects of the injection, stating that his cough and expectoration were both diminished, and he desired that the injection should be again employed; but, for reasons hereafter named, only the glottis and larynx were cauterized as in previous operations, and the patient engaged to call in two days and have the tubage repeated; but he failed to meet this engagement, and did not return until the 14th—five days afterward. This was the last visit Mr. W. made at my office; and as most unjust and utterly unfounded reports have been made and widely circulated with regard to the character of this operation and its effects, I shall describe briefly, but minutely and exactly, the steps of the operation. After much experience in cathetism of the larynx, it has been fully ascertained that this operation can be performed with



1. The probang. 2. The tube. | 3. The syringe. 4. The knife.

DR. GREEN'S INSTRUMENTS.



DR. GREEN'S INSTRUMENTS—THE SCISSORS AND NIPPERS.

greater certainty if employed soon, or within one or two days after the opening of the glottis has been cauterized. Hence these applications are usually made once or twice between each operation of tubage.

When Mr. W. came to my office on the 14th, Dr. E. M. Foy, a member of this Academy, was present. He had expressed a desire to see the operation of tubage employed on some of my patients, and when Mr. W. came and took his seat, I remarked to Dr. Foy that it had been my intention to employ the tube for him on that day; but as he had not had an application to the glottic opening for five or six days, I was fearful, for that reason, of not succeeding; and as I had other patients on whom the tube operation was practiced, I should not use it in Mr. W.'s case, but employ the sponge-probang. This instrument was employed, but the tube was not used that day on Mr. Whitney. It was never used but once in his case, and that was on the 6th of December, eight days before this last operation. The same probang, the identical instrument, which, on some ten different occasions previously, had been passed into the glottis and larynx of the patient, was employed, and in precisely the same way, except when the sponge reached the glottic opening the patient partially closed the throat (a thing occurring every day with nervous or sensitive patients, and as every operator knows, without the occurrence of any harm to the patient), by which the progress of the instrument was suddenly arrested, so that it did not enter the windpipe at all. It was at once removed, no more force having been used than that which is constantly employed every day in operations on the air-passages. The operation was not renewed, and the patient, after talking a while with Dr. Foy and myself, and remarking that "the operation hurt him more," or that "he felt it more than usual" (which arose, as I said to him, from the sudden arrestment of the instrument), he left, with the arrangement that he should return the next day and have the tube employed. These are the precise steps, and the particulars of the last operation. Dr. Foy stood directly by the side of Mr. W., and saw every part of the operation, and can testify, I doubt not, to the entire correctness of this statement. On the 27th of December, as soon as rumor brought to me the report said to have come from the patient and his physician, or friends, "that the tube was used and had been thrust through the windpipe," I addressed a note to Dr. Foy, the purport of which will be sufficiently apparent from his reply, which was as follows:

Letter of Dr. Foy.

No. 106 WEST TWENTY-FIFTH STREET,
NEW YORK, *Dec.* 27, 1858.

DR. HORACE GREEN—*Dear Sir:* In reply to your note of this date, I was present when you operated on Mr. Whitney in your office on the 14th inst. You directed my attention to Mr. Whitney's case.

You passed a sponge-probang, saturated with solution of nitrate of silver, into the glottis. The operation was followed by very trifling irritation, not more than I have experienced from having my uvula touched with nitrate of silver.

We had, at the time, a conversation about probangs. You exhibited to me some brought you by your patients, remarking that the sponge was too large and the curve too great. You showed me that the sponge used on Mr. Whitney was capable of containing half a drachm of the solution.

Your office lad told me that, if I required probangs, he could supply me with the same sort you generally use. I mention these trifling particulars that you may see how vividly the operation is impressed on my mind.

You mentioned Mr. Whitney by name, and the date is fixed on my mind beyond shadow of doubt.

I am, dear Sir, yours obediently,
MICHAEL EYRE FOY, Surgeon.

P.S.—I desire further to state that nothing but the probang was used.

You did not use a tube. In fact, I never saw a tube used by you or others. M. E. FOY.

It is reported that the patient returned to his house complaining of his throat. That night he was taken worse, and died in one week from the day in which he last visited me at my office. Of the cause of his death, it remains for the profession of my country to say, after they shall have learned from his attending physicians the symptoms present during his life, and the appearances found at the post-mortem, as observed by these gentlemen, for at this examination neither myself nor any of my friends were present.

In connection with cases of this nature, Mr. President, are involved questions of great interest to practical medicine. Of the employment of topical medication, or the direct application of nitrate of silver and other medicinal agents to the mucous membranes of the air-passages, a practice which, at the present day, is being every where more or less employed; if, I say, it be fraught with danger to the patient, or if there exist any peculiar conditions of the human system, general or local, in which topical applications, such as I have described as having been employed in Mr. W.'s case, are likely to be followed with dangerous or fatal symptoms, then, if possible, let these facts be ascertained. For myself, I shrink from no inquiry in which the interests of practical medicine may be advanced. Having performed the same operation as that which was practiced upon Mr. Whitney on the 14th of last December over 100,000 times since 1845 (as can be shown by my books), without the occurrence of a single untoward accident, I am quite desirous to know whether the fatal results which have been attributed to it as the cause, have in reality followed this particular operation.

Struggling against some disadvantages, of which the Fellows of this Academy are not wholly ignorant, I have labored more than twenty years to add something to our curative means, in the more successful treatment of a disease which, doubly decimating in its fatality, is still the opprobrium of our profession; and to this same work, whatever obstacles may arise, I am determined to give the remaining years of my professional life.

DR. BEALES'S STATEMENT.

Dec. 14, 1858.—About 1 in the afternoon I was called to see Samuel S. Whitney; I found him surrounded by several members of his family, in a state of the most intense excitement, suffering, and terror; in answer to my inquiries as to what had happened, he answered, "Sit down, Beales, and I will tell you the truth; I was such a fool as to go to Dr. Green to be operated upon, and the d—d villain has killed me:" his countenance was pale and haggard, and had all the appearance of a man whose nervous system had received a severe shock; his breathing was occasionally irregular and almost spasmodic, coughing almost incessantly and speaking with great difficulty and pain, in a hoarse, unnatural tone of voice; his skin was cold and clammy, and covered with perspiration; the pulse was extremely frequent, feeble, irregular, and intermittent; he was excessively restless, not remaining in the same place more than a few minutes at a time, complaining of intense pain in the region of the larynx; shooting through to the cervical vertebræ and down the course of the trachea to the chest; he kept grasping the larynx, and reiterating every few minutes that he was murdered; I endeavored to calm the excitement of the patient, and tried to examine his fauces and throat, which appeared to be in a state of great inflammation; I discovered no lesion, as, in fact, on account of the pain and terror of the patient, the examination was necessarily very imperfect, as he would scarcely allow the spoon to touch his tongue, and I concluded, therefore, to defer the examination till he should become more quiet; I gradually ascertained, partly from the family and partly from himself, that he had been several times to see Dr. Green; on the first occasion his tonsils had been amputated; at a subsequent occasion, ten or twelve days previously (the exact dates were not told to the relator), a hollow tube had been passed into his lungs, and about a tea-spoonful of solution of nitrate of silver had been injected into them by touching a spring at the top of the tube; whether this was done more than once the relator does not recollect to have been stated; on the 14th of December Mr. Whitney breakfasted with his family, appearing to be in his usual health; he afterward went to Dr. Green's office; the Doctor passed an instrument into his throat, and finding some obstruction, he pushed the instrument with some force; he (Mr. W.) felt something give way; immediately experienced severe pain about the top of the windpipe, and told the Doctor he had hurt him; he returned home, informed the family of what had occurred, and I was called, as before stated; 1 P.M., I saw him with the symptoms and in the state previously described; it was evident that, under these circumstances, the only indications that could be followed were to rally the patient's strength, to produce some reaction, and to moderate the local irritation in the fauces; to this effect I ordered him to be immediately put in bed, bottles of hot water to the feet, with sinapisms to the extremities and chest, and flax-seed poultices to the throat; a tea-spoonful of chloric ether or volatile tincture of valerian in water occasionally, till reaction should be established, and a mixture composed as follows: ℞ Ol. amygd. dulc., sirup. papav. alb., mucilag. g. acac., liquor. potass. A dessert-spoonful to be slowly swallowed occasionally. For nourishment he was allowed arrow-root and flax-seed tea.

Dec. 14, 7 P.M.—Is suffering severe pain, described to be in the larynx down the course of the trachea to the chest, and round to the cervical vertebræ; pulse 112, feeble and irregular; still excessively restless: other symptoms are about the same; insisted on my remaining with him all night. ℞ Vin. antimonial., solut. s. morph., sirup. gumm, aq. distillat. A dessert-spoonful every four hours. To inhale the vapor of infusion of flax seed and poppy heads.

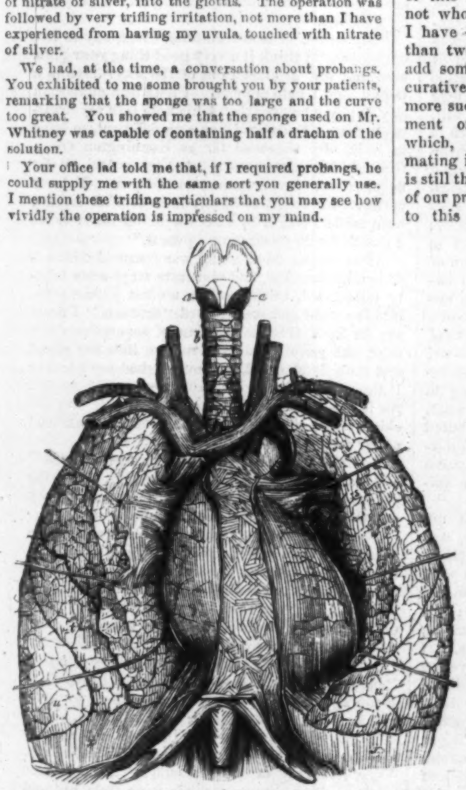
Dec. 15, 3 A.M.—They called me, as they observed the face to be swelling; I found extensive emphysema all round the neck, and partially in the face, rather more noticeable on the left side; he had continued exceedingly restless, scarcely dozing for a few minutes, breathing very irregular; pulse 106; urine scanty, very high colored, and turbid. Continue the same remedies and nourishment.

1 P.M.—Heat of surface more natural; scarcely any pain in the chest, emphysema very much increased round the throat and face, and extending down the chest; has not slept; has taken scarcely any nourishment on account of the pain in swallowing; could not continue the inhalations, although they rather relieved him temporarily. Anodyne liniment to be applied to throat and chest.

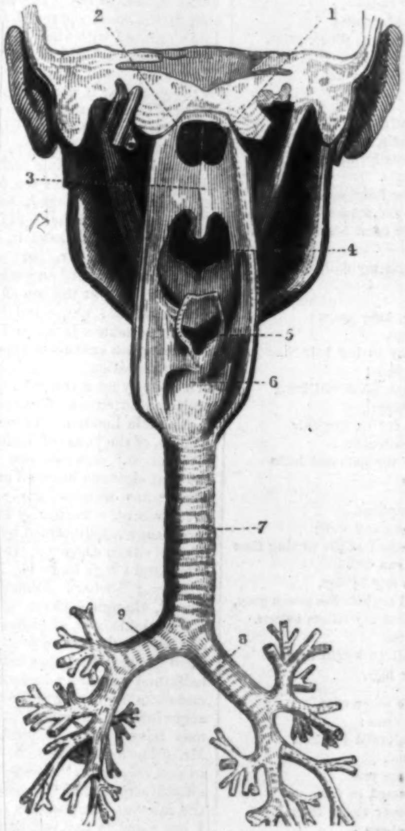
8 P.M.—Dr. Valentine Mott saw him, in consultation with me; is decidedly worse; emphysema very much increased; neck and chest enormously swollen—it has extended all over the chest, but lower down on the right side; breathing somewhat labored; pulse very feeble, irregular, and 112; skin is again covered with clammy perspiration, and about the neck and chest is of a purplish erysipelatous appearance; does not particularly complain of pain, except on talking or swallowing. Dr. Mott gave a very unfavorable prognosis. Continue anodyne, and take alternately a tea-spoonful of ammoniated tincture of valerian.

Dec. 16, 6 A.M.—Upon the whole has passed a more comfortable night; symptoms are all a shade better; the emphysema rather less in the face, but the throat and the chest are enormous, the mammæ resembling those of a stout nursing woman. Continue fine whey.

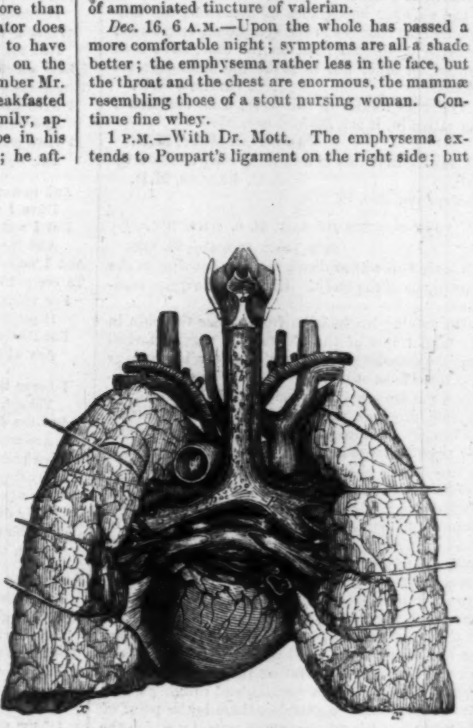
1 P.M.—With Dr. Mott. The emphysema extends to Poupart's ligament on the right side; but



a, *a*. The larynx.
b. The trachea.
s, *t*, *u*, *u'*. The lungs.
x. The diaphragm.



1, 2. Posterior nasal openings.
3. Uvula and palate.
4. Posterior opening of the mouth.
5. Upper opening of the larynx.
6. Posterior surface of the larynx.
7. Trachea.
8 and 9. Right and left bronchi.



pp. The bronchi.
a. The larynx.
x. The diaphragm.
o. The lungs.
b. The trachea.

ANATOMICAL VIEWS OF THE THROAT, LUNGS, ETC.

only as low as the umbilicus on the left; cough less frequent, except when he swallows; pulse 108 and rather firmer. Same remedies and nourishment.

9 P.M.—With Dr. Mott. Is not so well; emphysematous swelling increasing; can not open his eye till the air is carefully pressed out of the lids; chest and abdomen still more swollen; pulse more feeble, 122, although he has taken nourishment more freely. Same remedies.

Dec. 17, 6 A.M.—Has slept more during the night—sometimes for nearly an hour at a time; has taken more nourishment, but there begins to be considerable mucous secretion, which interrupts his respiration, and gives him great trouble to expectorate; pulse very irregular and feeble; the slightest movement increases its frequency; it averages about 108.

1 P.M.—With Dr. Mott. There is no observable change in the symptoms, although he says he feels more comfortable; several attempts have been made from time to time to examine the fauces and adjacent parts, but the excessive swelling rendered them useless.

9 P.M.—With Dr. Mott. There is again a slight lull in the symptoms, excepting the pulse, which is extremely irregular at 108. Same remedies.

Dec. 18, 6 A.M.—Has passed the best night since the attack; there is a decided improvement in all his symptoms; emphysema slightly subsiding; pulse 90; is rather more hopeful.

1 P.M.—With Dr. Mott. We consider him decidedly improving; all the symptoms are milder; he is slightly flighty from the effects of the anodyne.

9 A.M.—Is not so well again, without any other apparent cause than he would get up during my absence and sit for about an hour in a chair; the pulse is more frequent and irregular; the difficulty of swallowing is also evidently increasing, the attempt to do so bringing on coughing, partial strangulation, and some regurgitation of the fluids.

Dec. 19, 6 A.M.—Passed a very bad night, principally owing to the great increase of the mucous secretion, that keeps him almost constantly coughing and expectorating, which he does with great difficulty and suffering; the pulse very frequent, feeble, and excessively irregular; take half the dose of the anodyne at a time (℞ Ammon. carbonat., grs. iv.; emuls. amygd. dulc., dr. i.; every four hours, in place of the tinct. valerian. ammoniata); although it is certain that there is some serious lesion in the vicinity of the glottis, yet it is utterly impossible to ascertain the state of the parts; the emphysema has rather subsided about the upper part of the face, so that he can partially open his eyes.

1 P.M.—With Dr. Mott. Has slightly rallied; but the mucous secretion is increasing, the cough more frequent, and difficulty of swallowing greater; bowels have not acted for three days; continue remedies; injection; give as much nourishment as possible.

9 P.M.—All his symptoms much worse; pulse more feeble, 120; difficulty of swallowing, with the coughing and strangulation very much increased; consequently has not been able to take so much nourishment.

Dec. 20, 6 A.M.—Has passed a very bad night; breathing labored, and all the difficulties of swallowing, etc., increasing; the emphysema rapidly disappearing from the face and throat; abdomen distended and tympanitic; injection did not operate; a table-spoonful of castor oil.

1 P.M.—With Dr. Mott. All the symptoms gradually becoming more serious.

10 P.M.—Is very much worse in every respect; respiration excessively labored; the slightest attempt to doze threatens suffocation from the accumulation of mucus; can with difficulty be induced to swallow; the oil operated twice, and he was excessively exhausted; pulse extremely feeble and irregular, 126; he is evidently sinking.

Dec. 21, 7 A.M.—During the night he became rapidly worse; did not swallow after 2 A.M., and died rather suddenly at 8 A.M., partly from exhaustion and partly by asphyxia.

Note.—A number of trifling circumstances, such as the varying appearance of the urine, the continual slight changes in the symptoms, etc., as not throwing additional light on the case, have been omitted, in order not to make the statement too tedious. J. C. Beales, M.D.

As far as relates to this case, from the time I was called in, it is a faithful narrative.

Valentine Mott, M.D.

I certify that this is a faithful copy of the original. J. C. Beales, M.D.

New York, *Jan.* 18, 1859.

POST MORTEM OF SAMUEL S. WHITNEY.

New York, *December* 22, 1858.

Thirty hours after death nothing peculiar in the appearance of the body. Rigor mortis quite moderate.

On making an incision from under the chin in the mesial line of the sternum, it was remarked that the anterior projection of the thyroid cartilage was more than ordinary. Directly as the knife divided the deep cervical fascia on the left side of the thyroid cartilage pus issued out; a little further division opened into a cavity, containing pus, about the size of a large hen's egg, and extending a little in front of the pharynx and downward behind and below the thyroid cartilage. At the upper and posterior part of this abscess there was an opening into the pharynx, large enough to admit the end of the forefinger. This abscess was lined by a large quantity of destroyed filamentous tissue, hanging from different parts of it like wetted tow. The entrance into the œsophagus immediately below this was perfectly sound, internally and externally. The larynx was now laid open from behind, and at the first glimpse a red point about the size and shape of a grain of wheat on the left side, a little below the left chorda vocalis, and running longitudinally, led us to exclaim, there is the point of laceration of the mucous membrane, by which the air has escaped into the cellular tissue to constitute the emphysema. On close inspection, and wiping the part with a sponge, no abrasion nor aperture could be discovered. Every other part of the larynx and trachea, as far as removed, presented on its internal surface a perfectly normal appearance. Indeed, we all remarked that we had never seen a larynx and trachea more natural and healthy. We next concluded to have a look at the bronchi and lungs. Perhaps about an inch above the division of the trachea, the most beautiful vermilion redness that we ever saw on a mucous surface commenced and extended into each bronchus, but greatest in the left, and extended down to each lung. Over this peculiar redness there was a cloudy shade, which vanished after a short exposure to the air. On opening the pleura, the upper lobe of the left side, at first glance, seemed covered with white thick pus. But, on close examination, it proved to be soft strumous, like fibrin, easily rubbed off. This, on the side and posterior part, connected that lobe in patches to the pleura costalis. These imperfect adhesions were easily broken down with the fingers. The whole of the upper part of this lobe was very red, and very solid—hepatized. Just at the root, or at the commencement of the bronchial ramifications there was an open cavity, about the size of a small black walnut, of a reddish-brown color, and irregular billows surface, as though a slough had separated. At the upper and anterior part of this cavity there was a small opening through both pleuræ. This lobe was cut into in different directions, but no tubercles could be found. The lower lobe was perfectly healthy. The redness of the mucous membrane of the right bronchus extended to the lung of that side, but the three lobes were perfectly normal. There were no old adhesions on either side of the cavity of the chest. Some little appearance of the emphysema remained.

(Signed) Valentine Mott, M.D.
J. C. Beales, M.D.
Alex'r B. Mott, M.D.

Dr. Green made some further remarks, to the effect that the French faculty now universally admit that nitrate of silver can be safely injected into the lungs, and beneficially used in many cases. He added: "I did not desire Mr. Whitney to come to me for treatment. He came to me of his own accord, and I treated him legitimately and properly, as I supposed. When he left he went under the care of another physician; and should I lower myself by dogging him [applause], and degrade my profession? Never. [Renewed applause.] Had they sent for me, I should have gone there. I have saved two or three patients in this city under similar circumstances by opening those large abscesses. But it is asked why I did not send round and inquire. Dr. Beales has asserted to a gentleman present that such was the rage of the family toward me that, had I ventured to come near the house, I probably would have suffered personal violence. Still, if I had been called upon, I should have gone nevertheless." Alluding to the fact that his friends and others advised him to be present himself, or have a representative present, at the *post-mortem* examination, Dr. Green stated that he had at last deputed Dr. Carnochan to represent him, and to visit Dr. Mott to make the arrangements to be present, when he found that it had already taken place.

Dr. Mott made some remarks, but they chiefly referred to his (the speaker's) knowledge of abscesses, and threw no light on the subject.

THE SUNLIGHT IN HER HAIR.

There's an old stone house, on a lonely street,
A house of a sombre hue,
And day by day, for forty years,
I've passed within its view;
A house of a dead and mouldy state—
The cast-off shell of the rich and great—
It frowns on the street, through its dingy paint,
In a consequential way;
Seeming to shrink from the summer air
And the yellow sunlight's play.

But I watch alone the one bright spot
On these dingy, sombre walls,
Where a woman sits at her daily toil,
And the yellow sunlight falls.
I have watched that window for forty years,
Through the breaking of smiles and the falling of tears;
I have watched the jewel my heart has enshrined,
The purest and the best;
I have mingled her name with my daily prayers,
Fair Josephine Van Nest.

And never, in all these long, long years
Have I spoken to Josephine,
But I watch the sunlight play in her hair
And the shadows pass between;
And I muse on the change that Time will bring
To every fair and beautiful thing:
For when first the sunlight fell on her hair
It played with each golden braid;
But the gold has gone, and the gathered locks
Are with lines of silver laid.

I never have spoken to Josephine,
Though I've loved her long and well;
But the dreams I have dreamed of the coming time
Are more than my heart can tell.
I have promised myself from day to day,
Till my step has grown old and my hair has grown gray,
That when fortune shall favor my efforts to rise,
Dear Josephine shall share,
And the dim old house shall be bright again
With the sunlight in her hair.

She may have grown old to other eyes,
To mine she is ever the same;
Like a glorious picture, mellowed by time,
And set in an oaken frame.
For many and many a toilsome year
I lingered in passion, or shivered in fear,
Lest some who were greater or richer than I
Should mark the yellow sheen
Of the sunlight dancing in her hair
And woo my Josephine.

But the years have passed us, one by one,
And never a wooer there came;
They may have slighted the toiling girl,
But I love her just the same.
And every day I will pass the street,
Though she hears not the sound of my lingering feet;
And every day, through the winter's snow,
And summer's waving green,
I will look at the window, and wait for the time
I can speak to Josephine.

THE RESIDUARY LEGATEE.

I am a great deal better off now, through the interest of Dick Adamson; but you must know I was Pudson, Clegg, and Pudson's copying clerk when Richard first came there. Richard came to us from the office of his father to whom he had been articled. Richard's father dying, in poorer circumstances than people in the habit of dining at his table had been led to imagine, Richard's unexpired articles were transferred to the offices of Pudson, Clegg, and Pudson aforesaid; which was a good thing for Richard in the long-run, as I am going to tell.

Richard Adamson was no more fit for any duty in a lawyer's office than he was fit for the post of Astronomer Royal. I don't say that he disgraced the first position, or indeed that he would have failed ignominiously in the second. He had a habit of falling on his feet, somehow, in any performance he undertook; and I have not the least doubt that if he had tried to throw a back somersault he would have succeeded. But he had naturally no turn for the law.

He and I were friends almost from the day of our coming together. What made him take to me I don't know; but he did take to me, and was constant in his endeavor to place our intimacy on a ground of perfect ease and openness.

I don't think I should ever have troubled my head with such questions, had it not been that, whatever were my personal claims to be considered a gentleman, there was no possibility of regarding my sister Rose in any light but that of a lady. We were, fortunately, the only two children of a poor curate, who had married a cousin as poor as himself. We lost both parents within a few months when I was about nineteen and Rose three years younger. They had been to us the best father and mother in the world, and had taught us all that they themselves knew, which was not a mean or unserviceable sum of knowledge. Education beyond that which my dear father himself gave me I had none. So it came to pass that without friends, without a college degree, without experience or recommendation of any kind, I was fain, at nineteen years, to take any living occupation that I could get; and Mr. Clegg's managing man engaged me at a rather larger weekly salary than I had dared to hope, though I certainly asked for it. The situation which I thus obtained was kept by me for more than five years, and had been kept nearly four years when Richard Adamson came to cheer and lighten my official life. As for my life at home, that was light and cheerful enough already; for Rose and I made common lot, and faced the world together.

It was the custom of Mr. Clegg to give annually—about Christmas time—an entertainment to which all his clerks were bidden. The first occasion of this kind, after Richard Adamson's accession to our corps, brought him into acquaintance with my sister Rose. It was easy enough to make out from the first that Richard not only admired her, as no person indeed could fail to do, but interested himself about her in a degree much more likely to increase than to diminish.

The Miss Cleggs (as they neither kept a school nor gave lessons in music and painting, I can not bring myself to say "the Misses Clegg," though that is the more approved form of conjoint titularity) graced with their presence their papa's entertainment, and did little else on that occasion. They were five in number—the Miss Cleggs; and of the youngest it was said that night, in the language of unsympathetic bachelorhood, that she was "no chicken." Mamma Clegg was a malignant and a turbaned old woman, on the worst possible terms with every thing and every body. Clegg himself, the founder of the feast, was a lean, tall, straggling, sour-visaged, haughty man, with a slight stoop, which he would now and then amend by drawing up his head in a very conscious and self-asserting manner. He wore spectacles; brushed his thin hair forward on each side, so that the ends met in a peak at the top of his narrow forehead; seldom talked; never laughed; was believed to have once made a joke; and had the reputation of possessing an enormous appetite, with but an imperfect digestion. Clegg's house of residence was in a rising young crescent, which formed part of a projected extension of one of the best quarters of fashionable London. There had we all met—we, I mean, of the house of business; we and those invited on our account—one December evening in the year eighteen hundred and—never mind what. The rooms were ablaze with light, distributed every where, refracted by lustres, reflected in mirrors, caught and retained by paintings, and by rich folds of silken drapery. It was an expensive welcome, and Clegg knew it.

Among Richard Adamson's endowments not named, though perhaps implied, in my list, was the enviable gift of sociability. In his father's life Dick had been on pretty intimate terms with these Cleggs; had been asked by them to dinners, balls, and what not; had joined their picnics; had met them frequently at the houses of their common acquaintance, as well as at his father's table. It may have been a grateful recollection of young Mr. Adamson's good offices in giving life and soul to many a solemn "séance," and scarce less solemn quadrille party and "at home," that now animated the fair but bony bosoms of the five Miss Cleggs. I am sorry to say, supposing any such laudable feeling to have dictated the flattering advances of those ladies, it met from Richard a very poor return. To him alone did they address the smallest amenity; by him as much as by every body else were the Miss Cleggs avoided. At length and at last the seeming sweet was changed to bitter gall. The patience of Job and of all the Cleggs together could not have stood long against such treatment. Clegg himself, although he would probably not have been overjoyed to see the nearly penniless Richard Adamson tempted very far by any one of the girls, was mortified to notice the positive failure of temptation when tried by all five in full force. It was after a protracted and arduous waltz, and just as Richard, with Rose still upon his arm, was preferring a murmured request that he might have the happiness of taking her down to supper, that Mr. Clegg stepped up to him and communicated a most distressing piece of intelligence.

Old Charley Waters had long been in the habit of sending for Clegg, at all sorts of hours, to make his will, and of sending Clegg back again without having made it. This was the business on which Clegg now applied to Richard, whom he maliciously resolved to depute on the present occasion.

"Mr. Waters," Clegg began, "has had another severe attack, and sends word that he is anxious to arrange his worldly affairs, not knowing how few hours of life may be left him." Clegg suppressed a grim smile. He had grown familiar with the message he now recited in Richard Adamson's ear. Never had he thought it so capital a joke.

"You see how unpleasant the duty would be for me just now to undertake," said the lawyer in continuation. "May I ask you to relieve me of it?" Then perceiving a shade of hesitation in Richard's face, he craftily added, "I am sure you will be pardoned by all our friends, and especially by the ladies, when they learn that you have sacrificed pleasure to duty, on *their* account."

"Oh yes," cried one of the Miss Cleggs; "it would be so unpleasant for all of us to be left without papa, would it not?" This with an artful turn to Rose, who was, of course, obliged to pretend acquiescence in the absurd proposition.

"Well, as you wouldn't on any account pardon Mr. Clegg for going away," said Richard, with a face half rueful and half comic, "I suppose I must save him from your displeasure. Think of me down stairs, Miss Herbert; drain a goblet of ripe Falernian to the lonely wanderer. Do you know what sort of night it is? Snow—snow—snow. Both horse and cab to roost have gone; the owl is not such an ass as to sit on the tree; the night wind makes its weary moan; and old Charley Waters lives right on the other side of Kennington Oval. Good-by! I shall never manage to get back, I fear, in time to see you again. Now, Mr. Clegg, I am yours."

And off went Clegg and his articled clerk to arrange preliminaries in a little back study down stairs. Soon we heard the slam of the great hall door, which had shut poor Dick Adamson into the midnight and rough weather. I thought of him—hour after hour, tramping noiselessly through long, deserted streets, over the white and muffled pavement.

Women are riddles, as I believe some philosopher has already remarked, and though I have often since that night heard Rose declare, with a sincerity not to be doubted, that she also could think of nothing but Richard Adamson during all that gay and festive time, she certainly did not appear absent or melancholy; indeed, so far was it otherwise with my gentle sister, that I declare she positively grew more and more cheerful from the moment the hall door was heard to slap to, shutting out Richard Adamson, as before mentioned. While he had remained with us, I could not help thinking she was quite dull. To his quick and pleasant talk she had answered only with short affirmative sentences, and had sometimes been silent altogether. Her manner was, in fact, far more subdued than I had expected it to be, under the influence of Richard's lively spirits. And then for her to change so remarkably when he had gone! Well, well—women are riddles! The philosopher was correct, beyond all question.

"My dears," I heard Mamma Clegg say to her daughters, "I think it a very good thing your papa sent that Mr. Adamson out of the way. He is a puppy, and I hate puppies. I hate him more than any puppy who ever thrust his nose into my drawing-room. He deserves, as a punishment, to have to walk fifty times as far as Kennington Oval, through fifty times worse weather. And all for nothing too, as your papa can tell you. Nobody better. He ought to know, indeed, after having been made a fool of by that stupid old miser twice a month for two years and upward."

After supper the dancing was resumed with additional animation, and elaborate steps were boldly introduced, by heretofore modest young men, into the staid and stereotyped "first set." I must say for Rose, that, as the time of separation drew near, she gave signs of a relapse into her silent and thoughtful mood, and even asked me whether I thought it likely Mr. Adamson would return. As it was then past three o'clock, I told her decidedly that there was not the smallest likelihood of our seeing him.

To this she merely rejoined with a careless "Oh!" and then seemed to forget all about it. Yes, the philosopher was most certainly right, and women are the greatest riddles in existence.

Shawls, cloaks, overcoats, and other seasonable wrappings were now presently in requisition, and there was a bustle on the staircase and in the hall below. Rose and I were nearly the last to leave, and Mr. Clegg was standing with us near the outer door, when, just as it opened to let us out, Richard Adamson stepped quickly in.

"Going my way, Mr. Herbert?" he said to me; "here's a cab waiting that has brought me from Kennington. Will you and your sister take seats in it? All right, Mr. Clegg; here's the will. Bulk of property to a brother at Belize, who does not seem to have acted fraternally to our friend Waters. Very forgiving of the old fellow. Pretty large sums to other persons, a little more than kin and less than kind. Shakspeare, Miss Herbert; clever man from Stratford-on-Avon. You remember, you remember the house where he was born. Doubts on the point, by-the-by. There's a thousand to you, Mr. Clegg, and two hundred each for the young ladies. Very fair will, I think—very fair indeed."

All this time the dumbfoundered Clegg had held the document unopened in his hand, gazing at Richard Adamson with a constantly-lengthening countenance. At length he asked, "Who is the residuary legatee?"

"I am," said Richard, precisely in the same careless tone he had just before used. "Odd, isn't it? Merely a matter of convenience, though. Distribution of property to the utmost farthing. Still, a residuary legatee required. 'Must have a residuary legatee, you know,' said I to the old gentleman. 'Never thought of it,' says he. 'Dear, dear, dear, how can you go on worrying me about such things, Sir, when I've said in what way I wish my money to be divided?' 'There's your brother,' said I; 'won't *he* do?' 'No, he won't,' says C. W., in a passion. 'He's been no brother to me. I forgive him, and leave him thirty thousand pounds; but that shall be the end of it. I won't have him named in any other capacity than an ordinary legatee.' 'Is there not some other relation, then?' I asked. 'No, Sir, no,' roars out C. W. again. 'I tell you they're none of 'em any relations of mine. I won't leave the world at enmity with e'er a one of 'em; but they sha'n't be put down in the will except for a stated sum each. Not that there will be any thing more to get; but I've made my mind up it shall be as I have said.' 'Your housekeeper,' then, said I. 'She seems to have been a faithful servant and friend, to judge from your bequeathing her fifteen hundred pounds.' 'No, no, no,' he answers again, more gently this time, and more resolutely too, if possible. 'Poor old soul! poor old soul! She'll know well enough what a legacy of fifteen hundred pounds means; but she'll go fancying all sorts of things if she's called a residuary legatee. No, no, no. Oh dear! oh dear! I wish there was no such thing as money to leave, or relations to leave it among. Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear! Was *you* ever a residuary legatee, Sir?' he asked, turning to me suddenly, as if a bright idea had struck him. 'Not that I am aware of, Sir,' I answered. 'Well, Sir, should you have any very particular objection to be a residuary legatee?' 'None in the world, Sir,' said I, 'if it will oblige you.' 'Well, then, Sir,' said he, 'why don't you put in your name as residuary legatee at once, and witness the will in the regular way, along with my servant here?' 'Pardon me, Sir,' said I, 'that won't do. If you are good enough to insist upon making me residuary legatee, you must allow me to ring the bell for another witness.' 'Then, confound it, Sir, ring the bell,' he cries; 'let the other servant come, and let me have my draught, and get a little rest.' So the thing was done, Mr. Clegg. You and Mr. Thomas Bell, of Mark Lane and Weybridge, Surrey, are executors: and that's the whole story. You have the will to look over at your leisure. A million pardons, Miss Herbert, for keeping you standing all this time, to hear a lot of prosy business, which never can interest you in the slightest degree. Now then, Jack, old fellow, bring your sister along at once. Good-morning, Mr. Clegg. You'll give us half an hour each, after the usual time, to show up at the office? Thank you. That will be an hour, you know, according to Miller. Ha, ha! Good-night—I mean, morning. Have me put down in the list of fashionable guests, if you send a paragraph to the *Post*. An hour, recollect, a whole hour; and I promise for Mr. Herbert, as well as myself, that we shall be at our desks when the office clock strikes ten. Don't come out in the cold, pray. It's left off snowing now, and the wind's gone down; but you'll get damp feet. All right, we can manage. Thank you, thank you. *Good* morning."

With these words Dick Adamson took leave of Mr. Clegg, who seemed on the point of bursting with rage, and, I need not say, had no idea of coming outside his door, as the young man had boldly imagined.

Richard's manner was changed as soon as we were all three comfortably squeezed down in the four-wheeled sedan-chair, which he had kept waiting while he informed Mr. Clegg of these things. He said the sight of poor lonely old Dives, propped up in his bed, was something piteous. "I verily believe," added Dick, "that the wretched old man had some perception of my commiserating him, and that he affected a simplicity in the matter of appointing a residuary legatee solely with the purpose of giving me a chance to the extent of an odd fifty-pound note or so."

Richard was going further than we were, and he set us down at the door of our lodgings. From that night he was a frequent visitor there.

Old Charley Waters lived many months, but he would not alter his will, though I suspect that Clegg did all he decently could to induce that act. It seemed probable that Richard's theory was the true one, and that some kind of sympathy was hidden under the old man's ridiculous crotchet. I can easily believe that the shrewd perception of Charley Waters was quite sufficient to detect the kindliness of the young man's nature, and that he roughly disguised a generous intention, catching at the means offered him by the want of a nominal residuary legatee.

Old Charley Waters died, and was buried. Two days after the funeral a letter arrived at the office of Pudson, Clegg, and Pudson, from a lawyer at Belize.

The letter notified the death of Hugh Waters, Esq., which had occurred at exactly one week's earlier date than that of the departure of poor old Charley. But this was not all. Hugh, the elder, had died intestate and childless; and the estate of the only brother, Charles, was considerably enriched by the event. An aggregate fortune of more than forty thousand pounds thus dropped at the feet of Richard Adamson.

Clegg imparted the news privately to Richard, and congratulated him in a rather clumsy manner. Immediately on leaving Clegg's room Richard called me aside, led me into an inner office, and told me, first, that he loved my sister Rose. Having gained from me a ready promise to stand his friend, he next told me, what he had just heard from Clegg, that he was, he believed, a rich man; though there was many a slip 'twixt cup and lip, and we might find there had been a mistake in the day of Hugh Waters's death. If he had died after instead of before his brother Charles, of course the thirty thousand would be added to the estate of Hugh, and would revert to the next of kin, whoever they might be. We were not to mention the matter to Rose until absolute certainty had been attained; nor in the mean time, said Richard, would he speak to her on the subject of his higher and better hope.

The time soon came when Richard's good fortune as residuary legatee of the late Charles Waters, Esq., of Kennington, was fully assured. We walked together, that evening, from Clegg's office to the house in which Rose and I were lodging; and as soon as we three were seated at the tea-table Richard calmly broke to her the tidings which had just been confirmed. It was a moment of trial for her and for him; but I could see the end of it directly she flushed crimson. I saw, looking from that face, which in another instant had become as pale as death, to the fixed gaze and trembling lip of Richard Adamson, that his fear was over, and hers had but begun.

There was a jingling, asthmatic old piano in our little parlor, and we ordinarily had music when Richard came to see us. On this evening Rose required some persuasion before she would sit down to play, and she altogether declined to sing, under the flimsy pretext of a cold. Richard would not sing either. He said, honestly, that he had a great deal too much on his mind. I said we ought to sup festively in honor of Richard's good fortune, and I went out to provide materials for a banquet.

When I came back, laden with delicacies which I had not hurried myself in collecting, a glance told me that the crisis I had foreseen was passed. Smiles and tears were on my sister's face when I kissed it. Without quitting my embrace, she held her hand out and gave it into the hand of Richard Adamson.

I pass over the details of a happy evening, which in the hands of the ablest chronicler would make but a dull page. Having passed over those details, I have only a few words left to say. In due time the several estates of Hugh and Charles Waters, deceased, were administered to; and Richard Adamson took Rose Herbert to be his wedded wife.

THE WEEKLY FARMER.

WHEAT.

THE origin of this useful plant, whose grain is the "Staff of Life," and favorite food of nations, is wrapped in almost impenetrable obscurity.

The hard wheats were produced in warm climates, and they abound in gluten. The soft wheats originated in the northern parts of Europe. The cuticle or skin of the soft varieties is thick, and if not well dried they can not be easily ground.

The kinds cultivated are very numerous; some being adapted to one locality, and some to another.

The plant "tillers" best in well prepared soils. The presence of stagnant water is certain death to the crop, and this is especially true of wet soils in winter unprotected by snow:

> "When winter frosts constrain the field with cold
> The fainty root can take no steady hold."

It is equally true that a young plant can not long survive in an inhospitable home, which is all but an icy habitation, no more than can a seed sown in an ice-house awaken to life. This truth will be understood by wheat-growers in the middle and southern parts of Illinois, where crops of winter wheat, during unfavorable seasons, are "winter killed" by frequent changes of temperature.

Handsome, plump, and well-made grain, can be grown to perfection only on soils in exact balance for the requirements of the crop.

Chemical investigations and observations by growers have shown that the composition of wheat is caused to vary by difference of climate and application of special fertilizers.

The proper selection of seed is indispensable to success. Avoid seeds of weeds, chess, and light grain. Whatever the variety may be select from the best formed heads, having the largest number of grains. It is a curious and useful fact that the constitutional peculiarities of a wheat plant are, in degree, irrespective of the peculiarities of soil, transmitted to its offspring.

The "changing" of seed should receive full attention; this fact is of great value to the wheat-grower, whether his soil be a loam, clay, clayey loam, or a part of the vast prairies. The skillful wheat-grower looks well to a change of seed, and to the getting of it from soil differing in character from that on which it is to be sown. Wheat grown on soil not in balance loses constitutional vigor, and if its seed be sown on soil of another kind from that which produced it, although it may be no better as regards fertility, its roots may meet with elements of food in other relative proportions from those of its own soil, giving it greater power to assimilate them, and thus be conducive to the production of a large crop.

Steeps for seed-wheat are useful, when of the right kind and properly applied, in preventing the attacks of insects in the soil, and in giving food ready to be used by the plant during the earlier stages of its growth, increasing its vigor, and consequent ability to withstand the severity of winter. We have not space to detail the comparative advantages of steeps, but they should be of a concentrated kind, abounding in elements ready to be used by the young plant.

Meteorological influences have much to do with the production of the cereals, both as regards the structure of the grain, its chemical composition, and consequent quality of the flour. The hygrometric condition of the atmosphere has much to do with the percentage of water in the grain.

In the moist climate of Ireland wheat will contain more water than that grown in the clear and drier atmosphere of America. In England wheat can not be grown 1000 feet above the level of the sea, but in France it may be at an elevation of 1500 feet, so great are the meteorological differences in the two countries.

The seed-wheat from foreign nations being distributed by the Patent Office is causing much interest in relation to varieties. All facts appertaining to influences of soil and climate on the quality of the grain, and the results of experiments with samples already distributed—could farmers generally be induced to communicate them to the public journals—would be most useful to legislative bodies, and Boards of Agriculture who are interesting themselves to get new varieties of most value to American growers. Brother farmers, tell us what is the success of the wheat from Mount Olympus! Of the Tuscan wheat! Of the Metropolitan white wheat! Of the Lawler wheat! Of the seven-headed wheat of Taos! Of the black-bearded Syrian wheat! Of the Turkish Flint wheat! and a host of others.

Surely the growing of 150,000,000 of bushels annually, in the United States, where it is subject to such differences of climate and soil, is of sufficient national importance to cause a desire for the best seed (and what success can be hoped without good seed how good soever the soil may be?), whether to be found in our own vast territories or far away where other people live.

Soils for wheat require full quantities of inorganic matter in an advanced condition. Many of the Western soils are redundant of organic pabulum; and their wild crops, which have been decaying for centuries on their surfaces, while they have brought large quantities of carbon from the atmosphere by the solidification of carbonic acid, they have not elevated much *inorganic* matter from their subsoils, and, therefore, the surface in many localities is not suited for growing cereals requiring a full supply of inorganic food. In some places where wheat will not flourish and corn will, the difference arises simply from the corn roots striking more deeply than those of wheat.

Snow protects wheat almost as well as if there was a house above it.

In soils not well plowed, the young, tender roots strike near the surface, and if unprotected by snow are nipped by the biting frost. Freezings and thawings cause the soil to expand and contract, thus tearing the fine rootlets apart. They are *winter killed.*

It is said that in 1859 Chicago will export less wheat and flour than in 1858. This will probably be the case. Farmers are discouraged from the high prices of transit because of the scarcity of money during the panic. Prices have been small in the Eastern markets, and too large a portion of the result has been held for its transit, and too small a return to the grower.

During the Crimean war prices were high, and attracted attention to the growing of wheat. The past two seasons there has been a reaction, and present low prices are likely to deter many growers.

The wheat crops of New York, Ohio, etc., are reduced from thirty, and in many cases forty bushels, to an average of less than twelve. There are many causes of this depletion. Among the most important may be named, the sending of animals to large cities, wastage of blood in the rivers, loss of bones, cartage of farm manures on the ice in winter to be floated off in spring. Even the Genesee and Mohawk valleys are much impoverished. The result of this is that Eastern grain-growers, on sterile soils—say New Hampshire—several farmers of our acquaintance pay five dollars a cord for stable manure. What a vast difference between now and the time when the stables were removed because the manure was in the way, it being easier to remove the former than the large accumulations of the latter! The whole Atlantic slope is being depleted, and is renovated in spots only by the offal arising from the consumption of food by the dense populations of large cities. The West can not now be so renovated, and "prevention is better than cure."

The wheat crop has rapidly fallen off in Ohio. There was an average to the acre of 17 bushels in 1850, of 15 in 1851, and scarcely 14 in 1852.

The States given below yielded as follows:

States.	No. of Bushels in 1840.	No. of Bushels in 1850.
Connecticut	87,000	41,000
Massachusetts	157,823	31,211
Rhode Island	3,098	49
New Hampshire	422,124	185,658
Maine	848,166	296,259
Vermont	495,800	535,955
Total	2,014,011	1,090,132
Tennessee	4,569,692	1,619,386
Kentucky	4,803,152	2,142,822
Georgia	1,801,830	1,088,534
Alabama	838,052	294,044
Total	12,012,726	5,144,786

In the six New England States we find in ten years a decrease of one million of bushels, and this, too, notwithstanding that their population has rapidly increased. In Tennessee, Kentucky, Georgia, and Alabama there was upward of six millions of bushels of wheat more in 1840 than in 1850. In many instances the plowing of the soil a little deeper would increase the crop one-fourth; but the treasures of the subsoil are, in too many places, as undisturbed as they were ages before Columbus was born.

The three principal meat-producing animals pouring in from the Great West to our large cities, carry with them, in their bones, vast quantities of phosphate of lime, and other valuable elements, which are, in most instances, lost to the soil which fed those animals. Grain is carried to the cities, and the substances that made it are far away from their original source. The wheat crop of 1858 robbed the soil of more than thirty millions of pounds of potash, and sixty millions of pounds of phosphoric acid. But a small proportion of these elements are sent back to the soil. In Nature's economy nothing is lost; but when man displaces things he should put them back again in their own places. A wise nation looks well to its agriculture, the great source of wealth. England dug the field of Waterloo for human bones to enrich her soil. She sent her ships to foreign nations to bring home fertilizers. In our agriculture we are a wasteful and soil-exhausting people. We are tenants of it but for life; others will come after us.

There is a great deal of spring wheat sown in Illinois, and other parts of the West. In favorable seasons spring wheat does well; but very often it has not time enough to grow. This was especially true of last spring, which, being backward and wet, prevented the crop being sown early. Short crops has been the result. It is sometimes a good plan to sow on the "winter face;" which means to cast the seed early in spring on fall-plowed land, when the soil is thawed enough to furnish covering, but not so much as to let oxen or horses sink deeply into it. This hastens spring work greatly, and enables us to sow land which, if plowed in the spring, might not be seeded in time. It is very desirable to sow spring wheat early, else it will not have time to grow.

All through the rich prairies of the West there is a great abundance of organic matter conducive to the growth of rank straw; thus causing great expense in the cutting, binding, and thrashing of the crop. Wheat is grown year after year on the same ground to weaken straw, with the hope of getting a finer sample of grain. The soil is not in balance; there is an excess of straw-making food. This is the land on which INDIAN CORN will grow luxuriantly!

The failure or success of winter wheat greatly depends on the fall of genial rain at the time of putting in the crop, the presence or absence of snow in frosty weather, and mildness or severity of the winter. It is almost impossible to plow some heavy clay soils in season unless they are made mellow by a sprightly dash of rain; but too much rain, when the ground should be seeded, retards the putting in of the crop, whose roots will not have time to take strong hold in the soil, and thus defy the freezings and thawings of winter. This is a reason why the crop is "winter killed." Another is the very shallow plowing practiced by many wheat-growers, even on soils which might with the greatest advantage be plowed deeply. Some farmers skim over the surface, scratching it; the land, perhaps, having given wheat for many successive years—having no rest or renovation, no fallow, no manure, no clover crop plowed in. These facts are true of clays and clayey loams all over the country. On such soils the growing in of a clover crop is equal to deep plowing, because its long roots—Nature's messengers—go deep into them to bring up food; and when the stems and leaves are plowed down, and the roots are turned up, the elements taken from the subsoil are put in the surface soil. The farmer does this when he plows deep. The elements used by the clover crop are in an advanced condition, having served a purpose in organic nature, and are ready to be assimilated by the wheat crop. The carbonaceous matter taken by the clover from the air is put into the soil, making it richer, darker colored; thus increasing its capacity to absorb solar heat, and improving its mechanical condition. The relationship which exists between the composition of clover and wheat, and the reasons given, show why it is that the former, plowed into a soil for the latter, causes, under favorable circumstances, a remarkably large wheat crop. The writer knows a farmer who has sown for several years one hundred acres of wheat on stiff clay, plowed to an average depth of four inches. By plowing *two inches* deeper the crop was increased *five* bushels per acre for three successive seasons, in the absence of fallow or fertilizers.

Systems of cultivation must vary with localities. There is no universal rule. What is the use of asking a farmer to plow land deep which, perhaps, can not be plowed at all? On newly-cleared, heavily-timbered lands, where roots of trees in the surface soil prevent plowing, crops of good wheat are grown, such as we farmers call a "fine sample." The ground is prepared and the seed covered by a common V-shaped "drag." These soils often yield forty bushels of wheat per acre. Bear in mind the value of the ashes of the timber burned when "logging" the land.

That crops of wheat are so grown is no argument against deep plowing in some places, and high farming in others; against dibbling, drilling, and ribbing for wheat in England; against the seed-drill for many districts throughout this vast country, while it would be impossible to use it in others; and against special fertilizers in special cases.

ON A TEAR

Which Angelina observed upon my nose on Christmas Day at bed-time.

WHAT though a silent tear may fall
  Adown this chiseled nose,
Deem not that I past griefs recall,
  Or weep for present woes:

A future sadness bids me mourn,
  And pangs of anguish feel,
As when one finds one's favorite corn
  Beneath some fat man's heel.

Think not in what has caused my grief
  That thou hast any part:
I would not suffer that belief
  To wound thy loving heart.

Think not a too tight boot my toes
  So cramps I fain would cry:
It is not this that gems my nose,
  And dims my glistening eye.

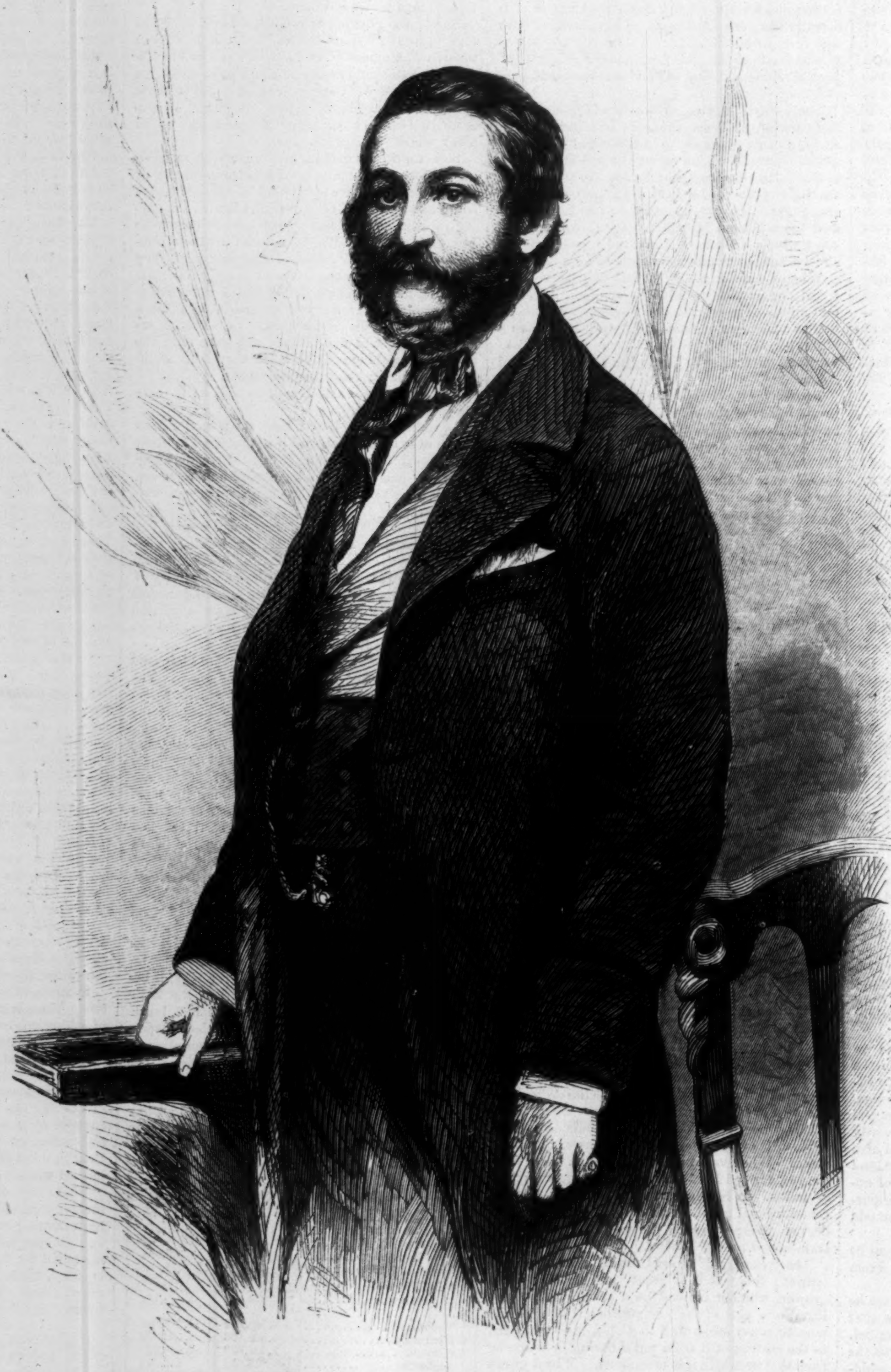
A heavier cause, 'tis meet you hear
  O'erwhelms my aching breast:
I've eaten too much pudding, dear
  And fear 'twill spoil my rest!

HON. JOHN COCHRANE, OF NEW YORK.

Hon. John Cochrane, the subject of this week's illustration, has for some years ranked among the public men whose sayings and doings find admission upon the popular records of daily events. Perhaps this notoriety may exert an unfavorable influence upon the character of its subjects; but the taste of the public has become too confirmed to admit of change, and what was once but the publisher's recourse for an interesting and attractive paragraph has now grown to be a usage so long and firmly established that an attempt at its discontinuance would be in vain. So they who would indulge in the sweets of public life must fain be content to submit themselves, with what of equanimity they can summon, to the inevitable ordeal of the public press. Mr. Cochrane seems, thus far, to have withstood its dangerous influences with a good degree of composure, and with no accession of personal conceit. His friends, we think, may therefore fairly infer a reasonable probability of his safe escape from its damaging effects. A brief biographical sketch, it is thought, will not be inappropriate to the present occasion.

Mr. Cochrane, though ranking with the more youthful aspirants for political honors, has probably passed into the shade of the forties. He is a native of Montgomery County, in the State of New York. His father, Walter L. Cochrane, was the son of Doctor John Cochrane, Surgeon-General and Director-in-Chief of the Hospitals of the Northern Department of the Army of the Revolution. Doctor Cochrane intermarried with Gertrude, the only sister of Major-General Philip Schuyler, of distinguished Revolutionary memory. His grandson has, therefore, imposed upon him the honorable obligations of a patriotic ancestry, and should be impelled by the incentive of their services and sacrifices for their country to a generous emulation of their illustrious example. The extraction of Mr. Cochrane's remote paternal ancestry is derivable from the Scotch Cochranes, who, during the latter part of the sixteenth century, emigrated from Paisley, in Scotland, to the North of Ireland. Remaining there for a number of years, a portion of them proceeded thence to America, and settled at Cochranesville, in Pennsylvania, where many of their descendants still reside. Doctor John Cochrane, to whom allusion has above been made, left the paternal roof without the parental permission, and, prosecuting the profession of his choice, served as a surgeon, with credit, during the first French war, and subsequently, at the opening of the Revolution, devoted his fortune and his unremitted efforts to the cause of his country. Thus, it will be seen, Mr. Cochrane traces his descent from a Scotch, through Scoto-Irish origin, down through various intermarriages of his immediate progenitors, in America, with the good old stock of the Netherlands Dutch. At the early age of eighteen he received his graduating diploma from Hamilton College, in the western part of the State of New York. He had previously, however, spent a portion of his collegiate career at Union College, in Schenectady, under the general care and tuition of the venerable Doctor Nott. He studied the profession of law at Oswego, in this State; was admitted to its practice at the age of twenty-one; and from that to the time when he was called more prominently into political life, prosecuted his profession, with energy and success, at Oswego, Schenectady, and in the city of New York. During this period, however, the life of the lawyer was occasionally varied with the pursuits of the politician. At local meetings, and in county and State conventions, his voice was frequently and impressively heard in support of the principles he had espoused.

At length, in the midst of a lucrative law-business in this city, and when possessed of an enviable reputation, both as a sound lawyer and able advocate, was he withdrawn from his profession by the unsolicited and unexpected proffer of President Pierce, in the year 1853, of the office of Surveyor of the Port of New York. From that time Mr. Cochrane's attention has been more exclusively directed to public life. While the incumbent of the office tendered to him, it so happened that the burden of the political dispensation of the Custom-house was incurred and supported by him. From that position he was transferred by the popular voice to a seat in the present Congress of the United States as the representative of the Sixth Congressional District of the State of New York. One session of his term has already expired, and the earnest afforded by his conduct, thus far, is such as to warrant his fellow-citizens in the belief that he will reflect honor upon those who conferred on him the important trust. Perhaps it is not expected that this sketch shall be otherwise terminated than with a summary of Mr. Cochrane's public characteristics and qualities. He brought with him into public life those rare gifts of nature, the copious diction, the graceful action, and the spirit of the orator. While his mind is imbued with a graceful refinement—the offspring of early familiarity with the classics—its philosophical tendencies subject its action duly to the discipline of logic. The properties of his voice are unusual and remarkable. Its sonorous volume and harmonious cadences recommend most pleasantly to the senses of the hearer what the speaker desires to be impressed upon the judgment. His forensic abilities conferred on him a deserved reputation, both as a reasoner and as an advocate. Occasional efforts of his are still remembered by the city bar as appertaining to the higher grades of eloquence, and equal to the best standard of oratorical achievement. The language which flows easily from his lips, while conferring upon him the power of presenting a subject in all its various aspects, enables him to adapt it, with equal facility, to the fluctuating moods of a popular audience. Hence Mr. Cochrane's excellence as an extemporaneous speaker, and hence, too, his force before a promiscuous audience. He has not yet been thoroughly tried in Senatorial effort. In the few rare instances in which he has sought the ear of the House he is described as having been eminently successful; but as yet he seems not to have attempted any distinct trial of his powers in the production of a demonstrative and formally-ordered set speech. He seems wisely to have remitted himself to the careful preparation of the business intrusted to the important Committee of which he is the chairman—the Committee on Commerce. When accepted by the House as reliable authority upon commercial subjects, Mr. Cochrane seems to think that then will his words and opinions be listened to with the most favor, and be invested with the greatest efficiency; and then, too, will be the time when he will probably produce prepared and finished speeches. Mr. Cochrane may be justly considered as a man whose past gives assurance of something good in his future.



HON. JOHN COCHRANE, MEMBER OF CONGRESS.—[From a Photograph by Brady.]

A STORY OF OUR FAMILY.

TOLD BY MASTER RALPH FISHER'S OWN MAN, TWENTY-TWO YEARS AND SEVEN MONTHS IN THIS COUNTRY.

My name is Willis, James Willis. I came from the town of Chatham, in the County of Kent, Great Britain. When I came from the old country I brought forty pound, which I placed in the Savings' Bank, where, with interest, it still remains to hand, with a trifle of other money which I have added since. This was twenty-two years and seven months ago. I did not like America at first, but I am getting gradually used to the ways, and expect some day to be entirely satisfied. Four days after I landed I entered the service of Mr. Ralph Fisher, Sen., who was a most excellent master, and I have no fault to find. My employ then was in the stables. I was fortunate enough to meet the approbation of Mr. Ralph Fisher, Jun., who took me from the stables to be his own man. He was kind enough to say that I deserved to stand higher than a groom. Since that time I have remained Mr. Ralph's own man, to his satisfaction and my own; for a better master no man ever ought to want.

When I first entered the service of Mr. Ralph Fisher, Sen., Master Ralph was a lad of fourteen. I am about to tell a story of the Master by permission, and I don't see very well how I can help telling all the truth, as without it my story would not be understood. So I will come out and admit that Master Ralph was always a wild boy, and as he grew older still wilder. I have often thought it was as much the wish of Mr. Ralph Fisher, Sen., as it was his son's, that I should be specially Master Ralph's own man, as thereby there would be one that would watch faithfully over him, and see, as far as in me went, that no harm come to the young master.

When Master Ralph was eighteen it came into his head that he would like to travel; and accordingly we traveled. There was no hesitation in trusting the young gentleman in my hands, and I am sure I felt the responsibility. My vigilance was unceasing, and Master Ralph's wildness excessive. I am sorry to say, in recalling the circumstances of those days, that we frequently clashed, and that Master Ralph would always have his way. We visited the principal cities of this country; we hunted (meaning Master Ralph) on the Western prairies; we fished on the Northern lakes and in the Southern rivers; and, all things considered, enjoyed ourselves. And then, after over a year of absence, we came back to New York, and prepared for our European tour. As a token of his approbation of my conduct generally, Mr. Ralph Fisher, Sen., presented me with an outfit and one hundred dollars in money.

We went to Europe. Master Ralph carried good letters, and we soon found our way into most unimpeachable society. Master Ralph was handsome, and no lack of money or style. I can not, therefore, regard it as in the least degree strange if we soon found ourselves quite lionized—in fact, overrun. I had great difficulty in getting the young master away from London, in which I was more than commonly anxious, as I knew it was the special wish of his father that he should visit some old and particular correspondents of his, who had retired from business, and were living upon their estates in the country. Among these was one within ten miles of my native place, Chatham; and I knew that when Master Ralph came to that spot I should have leave of absence to visit my relatives, and my dear old mother, whom I had not seen for now over five years. All this may be thought selfish in me, but I could not help it; and as I had a trifle of presents for the old lady, I was anxious to relieve my mind and my trunk of that part of the matter.—Well, in good time we came to Chatham, after making one or two other short visits on the way; and I saw my old mother, who looked charmingly, and a whole kit of cousins, to say nothing of the reading of five years' batch of letters from brother Bob, who went to Cape o' Good Hope when I was but a lad, and was now, as he wrote, quite considerable of a farmer there, with seven children. And a pretty jolly time of it I had for a month, until I began to be thinking it was about time we were going again. Not that I was anxious to get away on my own account, but there was something singular in the contented manner Master Ralph seemed to stay about that stupid dock-yard town. I was uneasy; for I felt sure that when Master Ralph staid too long in one place there was some trouble brewing. He did not seem to spend much time at the spot where he first visited in the neighborhood. In fact lately he had withdrawn altogether, and staid in the town of Chatham at Wright's Tavern, or, as you Americans would say, a Hotel. I had up to this passed but little of my time with Master Ralph since my arrival at home—a circumstance for which I shall always blame myself, as, perhaps, had I been more attentive the unhappy affair might not have occurred; but I will not anticipate. I had several times noticed Master Ralph walking and riding with a quite pretty genteel girl. To speak the truth without prejudice, she was more than pretty; but it always struck me when I saw her that there was a knowing look about her which some would call cunning. At first I thought the young lady was the squire's daughter where Master Ralph was visiting; but when he came to stay at Chatham, and I was more with him, I found she was the daughter of a tradesman of the town, and her name was Brown; and then I knew that Master Ralph had no business with her, and I felt it my stern duty, irregardless of all results, to break off this acquaintance.

Hoity! toity! Such a time was never heard. It is now over twenty year since I entered the service of Master Ralph, exclusive of the time I was with his father, and this is the only instance in which he ever threatened me with violence. Then, he threatened to break my head! As though I cared for a broken head when I felt that I was doing my duty. I did not swerve, but told him my opinion, and then, finding I could have no effect, I gracefully folded my robe about me and retired from the contest. And the thing went on day after day, but there was more in it than I could see, for Master Ralph was taking to ways that were not his custom; he would walk up and down his room for hours together, and drink by himself. This was entirely new. And sometimes, when I would come into his room in the morning at the time he usually rose, I would find him sitting by the table leaning his head on his hands, and he would start, and speak excessively rough. Master Ralph never was a rough man, naturally. I remember one time when I so entered he looked up and asked me, "What the devil do you want?" I simply told him the hour, when he apologized, saying that he was not aware of the time. I never harbored any ill feeling in the matter, nor was I in the slightest degree inquisitive; but all this stared me in the face, and I would have given my right hand to have got him out of Chatham, which was simply hoping against hope, for he would not go. Therefore, from day to day, and from week to week, we staid at Chatham, and I am obliged to confess that I was getting very fidgety, and did not hesitate in showing it to Master Ralph. A very unpleasant circumstance happened in connection with this one day, which I do not hesitate to tell, as it was the only time in all those twenty years that Master Ralph ever hinted such a thing. One day that I had by unmistakable actions shown my master that I was not pleased, he said to me,

"James"—he called me James in those days, of late years he calls me Willis—"James," said he, "you don't seem well; is there any thing the matter with you?"

"The air, Sir," says I, "doesn't agree with me."

"Ah!" he answered, raising his eyes out of the egg-cup—Master Ralph was at breakfast—"I thought you had settled your constitution on the air of this town."

I said to him that the air of that town was particularly offensive to me just at that time, and I was obliged to confess my anxiety to change it.

He was very quiet on the subject; I thought he wouldn't be; he only said,

"In that case you can leave it as soon as possible; you are entirely your own master from this moment." And with these words he commenced drawing out his pocket-book.

Why, the fact was he was discharging me. Me! the best friend he had in the world. At first I was naturally indignant, but the tears went up in my eyes, and I came right out plump and told him that I declined to accept. And from that time nothing more was said on the subject, until one day, which I shall always remember above all other days, and which I think has blighted our life and made us grow old much before our time.

It was getting to be late in the fall, when one morning, as I came in with Master Ralph's breakfast, he said to me,

"James."

"Sir," says I.

"You will make ready for our departure this evening."

It was a mercy that I had the breakfast-waiter on the table; had I held it, I certainly should have dropped it, I was so delighted. I never packed his trunks more joyfully—a duty which he left entirely to myself, sitting by most of the time and looking vacantly on, without offering either orders or assistance, which was much against his general way. The trunks were packed and all ready. I had bidden my old mother "Good-by," with very little hope of ever seeing her again this side of the grave, which fact was realized exactly four years and two months after by her death, for which I have no remorse, having, as far as my humble savings could go, smoothed her downward path—which is neither here nor there in connection with my story. But, as I was saying, we were all ready, and away we went in a post-chaise—rails and steam were not so common then as now: much pity that ever they were. I had a feeling of exhilaration I could scarcely account for as I saw Chatham fading away in the dusk of the evening, and was just composing myself for a nap in the rumble, when what should I hear but a shout which knocked all sleep out me in an instant. I thought within a second that I had been dreaming, or imagined this, but I was soon undeceived. The shout came very distinct out of a bit of wood that lay along the roadside, and said, "Fisher!" And the chaise stopped as by magic, and Master Ralph putting his head out of the window said, in rather a subdued voice, "All right." And with this I saw a small lane or side road leading away from the highway, and down this lane stood a gig. I did not have long to think on all this, for in less than a minute up came two persons, an old gentleman and a lady. Without a word spoken the lady was put into our chaise, Mr. Ralph squeezed the hand of the old gentleman—gave him money for all I know—and away we bowled again at the rate of twelve mile an hour at least. I never was so struck dumb in all my life. No more naps for me that night. All those hours through I sat out on that rumble, and heard the voices inside the chaise; and it did not take me long to conclude who the lady was, though I could not have told, she was so muffled up, when she got into the chaise. It was Miss Brown, the tradesman's daughter, and every word she spoke went to my heart like a bullet. I sat all night long thinking what I had best do, and when the morning dawned and we were rolling into London, I was just as undecided as ever. Within half an hour after our arrival at Mivart's, where my master took rooms while in London, I answered his bell. As I came into the room Miss Brown sat there, looking as composed as possible. Master Ralph said:

"James, this is your mistress." I bowed very stiffly, and he spoke again as though correcting himself from the first introduction.

"I trust you will give Mrs. Fisher as little cause to find fault, and as much to like you, as you have always given her husband."

O Lord! O Lord! O Lord! how I got out of that room, and down stairs, to call for a pint of ale and drink it, I don't know.

It would be perfectly useless to enter upon the details of this matter: one thing was positive, that Master Ralph was married. He rang me up that evening, and then and there, with no doubt my lady listening in the next room, told me plainly that he had always the greatest confidence in me—and he hoped in this instance he should not be disappointed—that he had not communicated his marriage to his friends in New York, and should not do so, but the next morning at daylight we were to be off for Italy. And the next morning we were off for Italy, where we lived two years. In one thing this marriage was a wonderful change to Master Ralph; he no longer drank or gave way to any wildness. A more devoted husband I never saw—I wish I could say the same for his wife. One thing was certain, she was very fond of society, and Master Ralph did not seem inclined to gratify her, or, rather, he did not deny her certain society. But never would he bring any one of his countrymen to the house, nor yet all his English friends. My lady, however, did not lack society; she did not rest much. And while Master Ralph would be sitting at home, as he now very frequently did, she would be away on merry parties—at most times taking me with her, and seeming to desire my attendance, though for why I can not tell, for I never could entirely overcome my prejudices, and I am sorry to say that she did not give me cause to overcome them by her own conduct, for my lady was always gay, more so than befitted my English notions of what was becoming in a married woman. Many things I had the unhappiness to see, which I felt it was right Master Ralph should know, but I would as soon have thought of talking politics in front of St. Peters at Rome as to have told him. Small things first, which grew larger and larger, until I was startled entirely out of my propriety, and would certainly have braved every thing to tell him, but for an unforeseen circumstance. Master Ralph was summoned immediately to London on business of which he did not himself know the purport. He only had two hours' consideration before he started, and I was left behind to take care of my lady during his absence. And never since the day I was born did a more unpleasant duty devolve on me. Master Ralph had scarcely been gone one week when I was convinced that woman was a guilty woman, and she knew that I knew it, and offered me money, which I spurned and told her so. I told her then and there that I was of poor but honest parents, and though my education had been sadly neglected, yet my master had seen fit to honor me with his confidence in raising me to the position which I now occupied, and that I would not abuse that confidence come what would. She turned away from me with flashing eyes and reddened cheeks, and said, "Take care!" which was the last word she ever addressed to me. And I did take care, for it is part of my theory that a bad woman will do any thing, far surpassing all the conceptions of a man; and in that country I knew how little a man's life was worth, if there was any cause for his removal, and so I took care.

It was on that very same evening I was lounging along a garden terrace which was part of our house, and where of an evening we generally sat, when I heard voices coming from a sort of summer house, built separate from the main establishment; they were speaking in Italian, and I had not been almost two years in Naples and Rome without picking up considerable of the language. And again I did not require to listen very long to know that one of the voices was that of my mistress, and the other an intimate friend of Master Ralph's, of whom I had suspicion long since, but of late less prominent than of others. I heard her say,

"The man must be silenced."

"Better far that you should leave this place," said the other voice.

"Better far that I should remain, and this man Willis should be beyond the power of babbling."

And then there came a long muttered conversation of which I could gather little, but the main purport of which was that he wished her to leave before the return of her husband, and go with him to Paris. I did not try to listen only in as far as my own desire of self-preservation made necessary. And when I did hear all this, I prayed earnestly that she would fly. I believed then, as I believe now, that, under the circumstances, it was the best thing that could possibly happen for Master Ralph. I dreaded his return, when I must tell him all I had heard and seen; and I felt sure in my own mind there would be murder done to a certainty. It was from no fear for myself, as after this I did not venture away from the house but in broad daylight, and not even then unaccompanied. In a few days we, or rather my mistress, received a letter from Master Ralph, saying that he should follow close on the path of the letter, and be in Rome directly. Mrs. Ralph Fisher rang me up, and announced this to me through her own maid. She never spoke to me now. And then the woman, who was as bad as her mistress, asked me what I intended to do.

"What do you mean?"

"What do you intend to tell your master about your mistress?"

"The truth," I answered, sternly.

"Don't you think," she said, insinuatingly, "that silence would be as well for us all?"

"I am sure," I answered, "that it would be as well for me, even better." She jumped at my words, and, drawing her hand coaxingly through my arm, she said,

"I knew you would think so."

"I do," I continued; "but, if I were sure that death stood on one side, and fortune on the other, I should still say to my master, when he returns, all I have seen and heard."

She threw me off, and jumped away, as though I were a snake.

"Go, then," she said, hissing out her Italian, and flashing her black eyes, "and take the consequences!"

Three days afterward Master Ralph's carriage rolled up to the door. In an instant I could see the look of disappointment on his face that Mrs. Fisher came not out to meet him. I had not seen my mistress since the morning of the day before, therefore, when Master Ralph on entering the house said to me,

"James, where is your mistress?" I could only say, "I do not know, Sir; I have not seen her since yesterday."

"Not seen her since yesterday!" and he sprang away up stairs, without another word.

Something came over me then, and I stood transfixed at the foot of those stairs, waiting to hear her voice, but in a moment I saw Master Ralph coming down. One look I cast in his face, and then I knew all. She was gone, and I put my hands to my head and stared at Master Ralph, in a way that I think must have disarmed him from what he originally intended, as I have always been sure in my own mind that it was his intention to take hold of me, and perhaps shake some information out of me. As it was he only stood in front of me, and said, "Speak;" but I could not speak—there was no speech in me. Somehow we got over the next hour, during which I managed to make myself able to tell Master Ralph all that had occurred during his absence, and the conversation I had overheard. And I related to him all that I should like to have told him long ago, and then I asked his forgiveness, if he thought I had kept this back when I ought to have told it. To all of which he never spoke one word; but when I had finished, he said,

"Pack, and prepare every thing. I will go to Paris immediately. I shall not return here."

And on the way to Paris Master Ralph informed me that the business on which he had been summoned to London was to hear of his father's death, and to execute some papers in connection therewith. At the same time he informed me that by the will of his father I, James Willis, was entitled to the sum of two thousand dollars. I must confess I shed some real tears for the memory of Mr. Ralph Fisher, Sen., for he was a good man, though a rich one.

We arrived in Paris, and established ourselves. Master Ralph was out most of the time, doing what I did not know; but one day, after we had been there two weeks, he called me, and telling me to find a coach, placed in my hands a small rose-wood box, of which he bade me be careful, and we got into the coach together. We stopped at Maurice's, where we were joined by an English friend of my master's, whom I remembered to have seen in London; and all three drove out beyond Versailles, and then I knew that it was to be a duel, and the box I held under my arm was the pistols. If my running away and carrying these with me at that moment would have prevented the matter, I should have done it, but I knew this would be of no use. When we got upon the ground I understood the whole matter—there was my gentleman, the very one whom I had overheard in the conversation. The preliminaries were short. Master Ralph was cool—I could see that—and just as plainly I could see the other was trembling, and white as his real color would let him be. They were placed, and the sound of the pistols rang in my ears. I looked toward my master, and in a moment I saw he was unharmed. I was just about rushing toward him, to congratulate him from the bottom of my heart, when I saw all eyes bent the other way. He was down, that was sure; and when we gathered about him, was clutching at the grass in a kind of way that looked bad for him. It hadn't been my lot ever to have seen a man shot before, but it did not want much experience to convince me that it was all day with him. And so it proved; he drew himself up, inflating his chest for an instant, and then with a great gush of blood from his mouth and nose, dropped down like a bit of heavy dough, and lay there dead on the grass. Master Ralph stood quietly by. I hardly think he cared—he did not look as if he did; but presently, within one minute of the passing away of this man's breath, we heard the sound of carriage-wheels, and a cabriolet drew up within twenty feet of the spot, and out jumped Mrs. Fisher. She stood deathly pale, grasping the door of the vehicle, and then staggered forward to where lay the dead man. One look only she gave; that, I suppose, satisfied her that he was dead, and then she turned to the living one, and dropped upon her knees before him. I am obliged to tell the truth, however unfavorable it may be to my master. I must therefore say, that when Mrs. Fisher dropped on her knees before Master Ralph, he raised his foot, and, though he did not kick her, he spurned her away, and she fell fainting on the grass. I am not altogether sure whether he was right or wrong. Somebody, however, picked her up and put her back in the cabriolet, and it drove away. We remained very quiet in London for a few days, reading in the Paris newspapers the account of our duel. Only one thing omitted. They had not been able to get hold of my master's name; but making a finale of the account by asserting that the lady about whom the difficulty occurred had thrown herself the same evening into the Seine, from whence her body had been recovered, and was then lying in the Morgue for a claimant. Master Ralph did not believe the last part of this story, nor did I; but, nevertheless, we sent an agent to Paris to examine into its truth or falsehood, as we dared not go ourselves. A very few days and we had confirmation of its truth. Our agent identified the body of Mrs. Fisher, and a simple stone, without any inscription, marks the spot where the remains were laid at Père la Chaise.

From this time a wonderful change came over Master Ralph. He went no longer into society; sometimes for weeks together he never left his room. And I confidently believe that, had I not offered him any thing, he would never have asked. Completely crushed he seemed, and I could mark the age growing on him every day. Soon we went home, back again to the old house, and on that day when Master Ralph first passed into his father's room I saw signs of feeling I had not seen for months. He threw himself into the chair where the old gentleman sat so many years, and burst into a sobbing cry. I was glad to see it, as I thought it would do him good. He did not seem to mind my presence, as I cried a little myself. I suppose it was on the principle that "misery likes companionship." From that time forth Master Ralph always called me Willis, and I fancied that from the day he came home he seemed to cheer up and be more lively, though always after he was a sad man. And many a time, when a smile would spread over his face and bring back that old pleasant look I remembered on him as a lad, he would, as it were, check himself, and the hard, wiry, gray look would come back and chill every thing again. Master Ralph was at this time only twenty-three years old—a mere boy, but yet he had the look and gravity of an old man. Cards and invitations came pouring in on us from old friends of our family, but we did not care to go out; an occasional dinner quietly with a friend, or a party of one or two at our own house, was all we gave way to. And this way we lived on quietly for years. And I felt proud to find Master Ralph working and making a name in the world, and his example incited myself; and I am happy to say that, in a literary way, I have met with considerable success, though as yet I have not published. Excuse the digression.

Five years passed away, and Master Ralph was going out a little more, and of late especially becoming more careful in his clothes, more like what he once was. And I heard rumors that he had been known lately to speak to ladies—which was a new thing—and that he had been seen at the opera several times with a particular lady, and upon the street I had seen him myself with her; and I am sure she did great credit to his taste, for a more charming, angelic face, and quiet, subdued manner, I never saw. After this I had a better opportunity of judging, Master Ralph having sent me several times to her house with messages and notes. The first of which the lady, having sent for me into the library where she was sitting, said, as I came in, and in a very sweet, musical way, "This is Willis, I believe?" I bowed and smiled. "Mr. Fisher has often spoken to me of you, Willis; will you sit down and wait while I answer his note?" Now there was very little in this, but—Well, there is no use in my defining the matter; every body understands it. The simple truth was, she was a lady, and there was no rubbing it out. I took a deep interest in her from that moment, and found, upon inquiry, that her family and position were unimpeachable. Miss Marion Powell was an only daughter; her grandfather had been a merchant in the days when it was respectable to be a merchant; Miss Marion's father did no business; he had no occasion, his time being fully occupied in managing his estate. There can be no necessity for me to longer hesitate in saying that I knew that Miss Marion Powell was to be Mrs. Ralph Fisher; common report so had it. And one day Master Ralph said to me, as I had finished assisting him to dress—

"Willis, I am about to be married." He said it very gravely, and, as I thought at the time, perhaps it was only my imagination, trembled a little; but I looked him right in the face and smiled candidly, saying,

"I am very glad to hear it, Sir. Let me congratulate you, and wish you all the happiness you deserve."

There was no allusion made to the past. This subject was always interdicted by common consent since the day we came back home—no word or hint ever passing between us about it.

Then Master Ralph went on more at his ease, telling me that his wife was to be Miss Marion Powell, and that they were to be married on the 15th of the following month, which was May, and that they would make their wedding tour to Havana, and I was to stay in New York and superintend the refitting of the house and have it ready for their return. All right.

Over the wedding I will not dwell. The account can be found in the newspapers of the day, under the head of "Marriage in High Life." It was a splendid affair, reflecting great credit on the taste of Miss Marion's family. Since his boy days I had never seen Master Ralph so happy, and looking so like himself as when he bade me "Good-by," and the steamer swung out of the dock.

I took charge of the house, and saw that the workmen done their duty with speed; and just two months after their departure I received a letter from Master Ralph saying they would be back in the next steamer. The house bloomed like a rose in summer; and to carry out the look, I ordered for the morning of their return quantities of beautiful flowers, which I put every where; for its mistress that was to be had not yet seen her house, and I wanted every thing to look nice, that a prejudice might come to her mind the first thing. And it did. When she came in she looked in such admiration every where, and ran up stairs and down, looking for all the world like a beautiful butterfly skimming through a well-kept garden, and making little exclamations of delight, and then she popped right on Master Ralph's lips, and came to me and shook my hand, and said to me, "How have you been?" to which I answered, "Very well and very happy:" and I was well and happy, never better in my life. And I got to love that charming lady with a true devotion, only to be equaled by my love for Master Ralph, for they both deserved it.

Now we had gay times—the nicest possible kind of parties, and a style about them, too, that showed the lady and gentleman. We went much into company, and yet— I must digress here for an explanation. I have a strong dislike to call my charming lady, when speaking of her, Mrs. Ralph Fisher, for the reason that the same name I used to another who shall now be nameless. I shall, therefore, use the name by which Master Ralph called her when in a merry mood, Madame Marion. And yet Madame Marion was the same unaffected, child-like, loving creature, thinking her home the best place on earth. And how dearly they loved each other! Ah! well, this is beyond my telling. Soon the parties had to cease, and Madame Marion went no more abroad but in their evening walks, or her drives. It was whispered, in a very joyful way, that a new face would soon be among the family party, and we were all happy about it and hoped for a boy. Excuse the expression. And the time wore gradually so close that the carriage stood ready in the stable night and day, and the harness was kept constantly on the horses to be ready at a moment's notice to bring the great doctor who was to attend Madame. At last it came; the alarm, I mean, and to the great credit of John, the coachman, be it spoken, only four minutes elapsed from the time he was called out of his sleep, for it was just about midnight, to the time when the carriage dashed away to bring Doctor M——. Master Ralph was with Madame, and I walked the lower hall to be ready at a moment to open the street door and admit the Doctor as soon as the wheels of the carriage should be heard. It was not really long, but the time seemed an age until I heard the carriage draw up at the door. My master heard it as quickly as myself, for he was coming down stairs, and as I threw open the door stood just behind me.

O God! shall I ever forget it? Ghastly, dirty, with sunken eyes and tangled hair, drabbled and torn, there stood, in the centre of that door-way, Mrs. Ralph Fisher, the living woman, the dead wife. I shrieked—I could not help it—and staggered back into my master's arms. I cast one glance at him, and saw there in his face that stern, gray immobility that came upon him that day he shot the man at Versailles, and which now for years I had not seen. He said one word to me, in a whisper, and it waked me, as it were, from the dead. He said, "Silence!" and then I would have died before I would have acted any way to make suspicion. But while all this was rushing through my mind the woman had fallen on her face forward into the entry; and my master had ordered the servants to take her and carry her up stairs into a bedroom, which they were doing with an astonished look. He did not touch her himself; nor did I; my back was against the wall in the entry, and I was obliged to keep it there, that I might be able to stand upright; and a hard job I had of it, even at that. All this took but a few minutes, and the Doctor had gone up stairs, while a servant had ran out for another physician for the woman. He came in a few minutes, and I went up to the room with him. Master Ralph had gone into Madame's room. When I came into the apartment where lay the woman I thought at first she was dead; but on examination I regretted it was not so. The doctor looked at her for a few moments and shook his head, and I had hope. He gave some stimulant, and went away, leaving some more. I was alone with the woman, telling the servants who had been in the room that I would watch by her for the night. They did not want the job, and willingly left me. And oh! now, when I think of it, I know how base it was! but the Lord will forgive me when he considers all! I was alone there, and I thought within my own mind how easy it would be to put my hand over that woman's mouth, as she lay there, and stop the vital breath of that one who, but a few short years before, would have more than willingly have stopped mine. But, I thank God, I dismissed the dreadful thought, and gave her the medicine promptly and faithfully, watching her every movement. In about an hour she opened her eyes, and, as I fancy, looked at me; and in a moment more she made some singular gritting noises with her teeth, and straightened out her limbs, and then I saw that she was in convulsions, and I believed dying; so I opened the door and called a servant, whom I bade go for Master Ralph; and in a moment my master came; and in less than five minutes from that time the woman was dead; and my master, kneeling at the foot of the bed, prayed aloud—something which I had never before known him to do—but his eyes were tearless.

Within half an hour after this the little cry of an infant sounded from the room of Madame Marion; and a fine boy he was; and when I heard that I went directly up to my own room, and said a small prayer myself, in which I hope I was successful; and then I cried heartily, whether for joy or for sorrow I can not tell; but from that day I have had no occasion to cry any more.

The real remains of Mrs. Ralph Fisher lie in Greenwood, under a stone without inscription, the doctor giving the certificate of burial as a woman, "name unknown," who died from exhaustion, superinduced, as was believed, by want. Who the one was that was identified and buried from the Morgue, in mistake for her, we never knew; and what had been her life since that day of the duel was known only, perhaps, to herself and God.

Mother and child are doing well. A fine boy is the young Master Ralph (to say nothing of his two younger sisters). I am learning him to ride. I often hear Madame speak of the night of his birth, and the singular circumstance, as she calls it, of the poor woman. She thinks it brought a blessing on the boy, that his father should have taken in the poor woman to die, instead of sending her to the hospital. I think so, too.

ROBERT BURNS.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

A HUNDRED years! they're quickly fled,
  With all their joy and sorrow,
Their dead leaves shed upon the dead,
  Their fresh ones sprung by morrow;
And still the patient seasons bring
  Their change of sun and shadow,
New birds still sing with every spring,
  New violets spot the meadow.

A hundred years! and Nature's powers,
  No greater grown nor lessened!
They saw no flowers more sweet than ours,
  No fairer new moon's crescent;
If she would treat us poets so,
  Would so from winter free us,
And set our slow old sap aflow
  To sprout in fresh ideas!

Alas! I think, what worth of parts
  Have brought me here competing
To speak what starts in myriad hearts
  With BURNS's memory beating;
A theme like this would BRYANT choose,
  LONGFELLOW, HOLMES, or WHITTIER;
If my poor muse can't fill their shoes,
  Pray pardon her and pity her.

As I sat musing what to say
  And how my verse to number,
Some elf in play passed by that way
  And sank my lids in slumber;
And on my sleep a vision stole
  Which I will put in metre,
Of BURNS's soul at the wicket-hole
  Where sits the good St. Peter.

The saint, methought, had left his post
  That day to Holy Willie,
Who swore, "Each ghost that comes shall toast
  In brimstone, will he, nil he;
There's nane need hope with phrases fine
  Their score to wipe a sin frae;
I'll chalk a sign, to save their tryin'—
  A hand ☞ *Vide infra!*"

Alas! no soil's too cold or dry
  For spiritual small potatoes,
Scrimped Nature's spry the trade to ply
  Of *diaboli advocatus*,
Who lay bent pins in the penance stool
  Where Mercy spreads a cushion,
Who've just one rule for knave or fool—
  It saves so much confusion.

So, when BURNS knocked, Will knit his brows,
  His window-gap made scanter,
And said, "Go rouse the other house,
  We'll lodge no Tam O'Shanter!"
"*We* lodge!" laughed BURNS, "now, well I see
  Death can not kill old Nature,
No human flea but thinks that he
  May speak for his Creator.

"But Willie, friend, don't turn me forth,
  Auld Clootie needs no gauger;
And if on earth I had small worth,
  You've let in worse, I'se wager!"
"Na, nane has knockit at the yett
  But found me hard as whunstane,
There's chances yet your bread to get
  Wi' Auld Nick, gaugin' brimstane."

Meanwhile the "unco' guid" had ta'en
  Its place to watch the process,
Flattening in vain on many a pane
  Their disembodied noses;
Remember, please, 'tis all a dream,
  One can't control the fancies
Through sleep that stream with wayward gleam
  Like midnight's boreal dances.

Old Willie's tone grew sharp's a knife,
  "*Imprimis*, I indite ye
For making strife wi' the water o' life
  And preferrin' *aqua vita*."
Then roared a voice with lusty din,
  Like a skipper's when 'tis blowy,
"If *that's* a sin, *I'd* ne'er ha' got in,
  As sure as my name's Noah!"

Sly Willie turned another leaf—
  "There's many here have heard ye,
To the pain and grief o' true belief,
  Say hard things o' the clergy!"
Then rang a clear tone over all—
  "One plea for him allow me,
I once heard call from o'er me, 'Saul,
  Why persecutest thou me?'"

To the next charge vexed Willie turned
  And, sighing, wiped his glasses—
"I'm much concerned to find ye yearned
  O'er warmly tow'rd the lasses!"
But David cried, "Your ledger shut,
  E'en Adam fell by woman,
And hearts close shut with if and but,
  If safe, are not so human!"

When sudden glory round me broke
  And low melodious surges,
Of wings whose stroke to splendor woke
  Creation's furthest verges;
A cross stretched, ladder-like, secure
  From earth to heaven's own portal,
Whereby God's poor, with footing sure,
  Climbed up to peace immortal.

I heard a voice serene and low
  (With my heart I seemed to hear it),
Fall soft and slow as snow on snow,
  Like grace of the heavenly spirit;
As sweet as over new-born son
  The croon of new-made mother,
The voice begun: "Sore-tempted one!"
  Then, pausing, sighed, "Our brother!"

"If not a sparrow falls, unless
  The Father sees and knows it,
Think! recks he less his form express?
  The soul his own deposit?
If only dear to him the strong
  That never trip nor wander,
Where were the throng whose morning song
  Thrills his blue arches yonder?

Do souls alone clear-eyed, strong-kneed,
  To him true service render,
And they who need his hand to lead,
  Find they his heart untender?
Through all your various ranks and fates
  He opens doors to duty,
And he that waits there at your gates
  Was servant of His Beauty.

The earth must richer sap secrete
  (In time, could ye but know it!),
Must juice concrete with fiercer heat
  Ere she can make her poet;
These larger hearts must feel the rolls
  Of stormier waved temptation,
These star-wide souls between their poles
  Bear zones of tropic passion.

Her cheaper broods in palaces
  She raises under glasses,
But souls like these, Heaven's hostages,
  Spring shelterless as grasses.
He loved much! that is Gospel good,
  Howe'er the text you handle;
From common wood the cross was hewed,
  By love turned priceless sandal.

If scant his service at the kirk,
  He *paters* heard, and *aves*,
From choirs that lurk in hedge and birk—
  From blackbird and from mavis;
The cowering mouse, poor unroofed thing!
  In him found Mercy's angel;
The daisy's ring, brought every spring,
  To him Faith's fresh evangel!

Not he the threatening text who deals
  Is highest 'mong the preachers,
But he who feels the woes and weals
  Of all God's wandering creatures;
He doth good work whose heart can find
  The spirit 'neath the letter;
Who makes his kind of happier mind,
  Leaves wiser men and better.

They make Religion be abhorred
  Who round with darkness gulf her,
And think no word can please the Lord
  Unless it smell of sulphur;
Dear Poet-heart, that childlike guessed
  The Father's loving-kindness,
Come now to rest! thou didst his best,
  If haply 'twas in blindness!"

Then leapt heaven's portals wide apart,
  And, at their golden thunder,
With sudden start I woke, my heart
  Still throbbing full of wonder:
"Father," I said, "'tis known to thee
  How thou thy Saints preparest,
But this I see—Saint Charity
  Is still the first and fairest!"

Dear Bard and Brother! let who may
  Against thy faults be railing!
(Though far, I pray, from us be they
  That never knew a failing!)
One toast I'll give, and that not long,
  Which thou wouldst pledge if present—
To him whose song, in nature strong,
  Makes man of prince and peasant!

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

"DID I hurt you?" said a lady the other day, when she trod on a man's toes.

"No, madam, I thank you, seeing it is you. If it were any body else, I would have hollered out murder."

A gentleman was threatening to beat a dog, which barked intolerably.

"Why," exclaimed an Irishman, "would you beat the dumb baste for spakin' out?"

It was a bright thought that of Smithson, when he was dying of an unknown complaint. Smithson had had five doctors, and they had been unable to discover what his disease was. At length they told the patient he must die. Calling them all around him, he said:

"My friends, after I die, make a *post mortem* examination, and find out what ails me, for really I have heard such long and learned discussions on the subject, that I am dying to know what the disease is myself."

"Wasn't that a waste of powder?" said an Irishman to a Kentuckian, who had just brought a coon to the ground, with his rifle, from a large tree.

"Why so, Pat?" asked the hunter.

"Sure, the fall would have kilt him."

It is astonishing how "toddy" promotes independence. A Philadelphia old "brick," lying, a day or two since, in the gutter in a very spiritual manner, was advised, in a friendly way, to economize, as "flour was going up."

"Let it go up," said the old bottle-nose. "I kin git as 'high' as flour kin, any day."

Mike and Pat were mowing. Pat was blind of one eye, and mowing, he cut up a bumble-bee's nest, and was instantly mounted by the swarm. Pat ran, and Mike, who was behind, kept out of harm's way. While Pat was whisking them off with a wisp of grass, one of them lit on the blind side of his face, and Mike perceiving it, called out,

"Pat, have ye him *there?*"

"Yes," says Pat, "ye may be sure of that."

"Well," says Mike, "kape him there, and God bless ye!"

Louis XIV. asked Count Mahoney if he understood Italian? "Yes, please your Majesty," said the Count, "if it is spoken in Irish."

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Saturday, Jan.* 29, 1859.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets have improved considerably during the week for Breadstuffs, which have been in lively request. Flour and Wheat have been most inquired for, mainly by speculators....Cotton, Provisions, Groceries, Hides, Leather, Oils, Naval Stores, Tobacco, and Wool have generally been in very good demand....Desirable styles of Dry Goods have been actively sought after, chiefly by Southern buyers, at full prices. The value of the week's imports of Dry Goods has been $2,982,245 against $721,511 the same week last year. The imports since January 1 have been $10,576,607 against $2,866,144 same time last year....The movements in other commodities have not been productive of any remarkable changes....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Unsound State Flour, per bbl.	$4 00	@	$4 75
Superfine to extra State, per barrel	5 30	@	6 10
Superfine to fancy Western, per barrel	5 35	@	7 00
Extra Western, per barrel	5 95	@	8 75
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel	6 25	@	8 00
Extra Canadian, per barrel	6 40	@	7 20
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel	5 85	@	8 75
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl.	3 50	@	4 25
Corn Meal, per barrel	3 60	@	4 25
White Wheat, per bushel	1 40	@	1 70
Red Wheat, per bushel	85	@	1 40
Mixed Western Corn, per bushel	85	@	87
Rye, per bushel	85	@	90
Barley, per bushel	80	@	1 00
Western Oats, per bushel	60	@	63
State Oats, per bushel	56	@	59
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel	50	@	54
Southern Oats, per bushel	47	@	53
Cotton, middlings, per pound	12½	@	12¾
Mess Pork, per barrel	17 62½	@	18 25
Prime Pork, per barrel	13 50	@	13 62½
Country Mess Beef, per barrel	7 75	@	9 00
Cut Meats, per pound	6½	@	9½
Lard, per pound	12	@	12½
State Butter, per pound	16	@	26
Western Butter, per pound	12	@	19
Cheese, per pound	8½	@	9½
Rice, per 100 pounds	3 25	@	4 25
Rio Coffee, per pound	10	@	12½
Cuba Sugar, per pound	6	@	7½
Cuba Molasses, per gallon	20	@	27
New Orleans Sugar, per pound	6½	@	8½
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	41	@	43
Hyson Teas, per pound	25	@	55
Oolong Teas, per pound	26	@	55
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	27	@	—
Hops, new, per pound	10	@	18
Hops, per pound, 1857	3	@	7
Hay, per 100 pounds	75	@	1 00
Tallow, per pound	10½	@	—
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds	3 62	@	3 75
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	50	@	—
Tar, per barrel	2 25	@	2 75
Common Rosin, per 310 pounds	1 77½	@	1 80
Linseed Oil, per gallon	69	@	71
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound	6	@	14
Seed Leaf Tobacco	6	@	25
American Fleece Wool, per pound	36	@	56
" Pulled Wool	32	@	45

Freights ruled very quiet, and quotations were unsettled. The total number of vessels of all classes in port is 543.

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were quiet for Beeves and Milch Cows, and pretty brisk for Veal Calves, Sheep and Lambs, and Swine. The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compare as follows:

	Week ending *Jan.* 19.	Week ending *Jan.* 26.
Beeves	3,913	2,840
Milch Cows	181	175
Veal Calves	352	383
Sheep and Lambs	8,040	5,577
Swine	8,999	7,225

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to first-class Beeves, per pound	$ 6	@	$ 11
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head	25 00	@	60 00
Veal Calves, per pound	6	@	8
Sheep and Lambs, per head	2 50	@	12 50
" " per pound	4	@	7
Live Swine, per pound	5	@	6½
Dressed " "	7½	@	8½
Roasting Pigs, each	1 00	@	2 00

The Country Produce Markets were quiet for nearly all descriptions of Produce. The change in prices were unimportant.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, new, per barrel	$2 00	@	$ 5 00
Chestnuts, per bushel	3 00	@	3 75
Hickory Nuts, per bushel	2 00	@	2 50
Peanuts, per bushel	1 60	@	1 70
Potatoes, per barrel	75	@	2 25
Potatoes, sweet, per barrel	2 50	@	4 00
Onions, per barrel	2 00	@	3 25
Turnips, per barrel	50	@	70
Beets, per barrel	75	@	1 00
Carrots, per barrel	75	@	1 00
Cabbage, per 100	2 50	@	5 50
Parsnips, per barrel	75	@	1 00
Cranberries, per barrel	10 00	@	18 00
Pumpkins, per 100	10 00	@	—
Celery, table, per dozen bunches	75	@	1 00
Celery, Soup, per dozen bunches	15	@	20
Garlic, per 100 bunches	4 00	@	5 00
Cauliflowers, per 100	2 50	@	5 00
Parsley, per 100 bunches	1 25	@	2 00
Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen	19	@	21
Eggs, Western, per dozen	17	@	19
Chickens, per pair	40	@	62½
Fowls, per pound	7	@	10
Fowls, per pair	40	@	70
Geese, per pound	7	@	11
Turkeys, per pound	7	@	12½
Wild Turkeys, each	2 00	@	3 00
Ducks, per pound	11	@	15
" black, per pair	50	@	62
" widgeon, per pair	50	@	62
" wood, per pair	50	@	—
Pigeons, per dozen	1 50	@	1 75
Woodcock, per dozen	3 00	@	3 50
Partridge, per pair	56	@	68
Snipe, Brant, per dozen	62	@	75
Plover, per dozen	1 75	@	2 00
Rabbits, per pair	25	@	37
Squirrels, each	3	@	5
Venison, per pound	7	@	11
Bear's Meat, per pound	10	@	12

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Saturday, Jan.* 29, 1859.

THE event of the week in financial circles has been the award of the New Loan, which was taken at an average premium of $2 40, the lowest successful bids being at $2 05, and the highest at $5 00 premium. The bulk of the loan was taken for home consumption, the foreign bankers having generally abstained from competing. About one third of the whole amount has already been paid into the Sub-Treasury. In consequence, the rates for money have risen; paper which was done at 4 is now discounted with some difficulty at 5, and most of the call loans are made at the same figure. It is anticipated that the activity in the money market will be but temporary; but at the rate the imports are increasing there can not fail to be a large demand for money throughout the spring. Foreign exchange continues to rule at rates which leave a small profit on the export of specie. A sum of over $1,200,000 was received from California on Friday.

Stocks have declined since last week. Latterly, the operations of the leading bull have been marked by less courage. The news from Europe is not calculated to inspire confidence in speculative property. And the continued quarrels and poor business of the railroads are not well adapted to induce parties to buy railway stocks or bonds.

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